SHOWTIME

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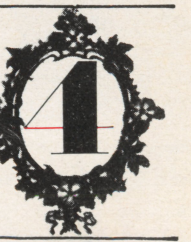

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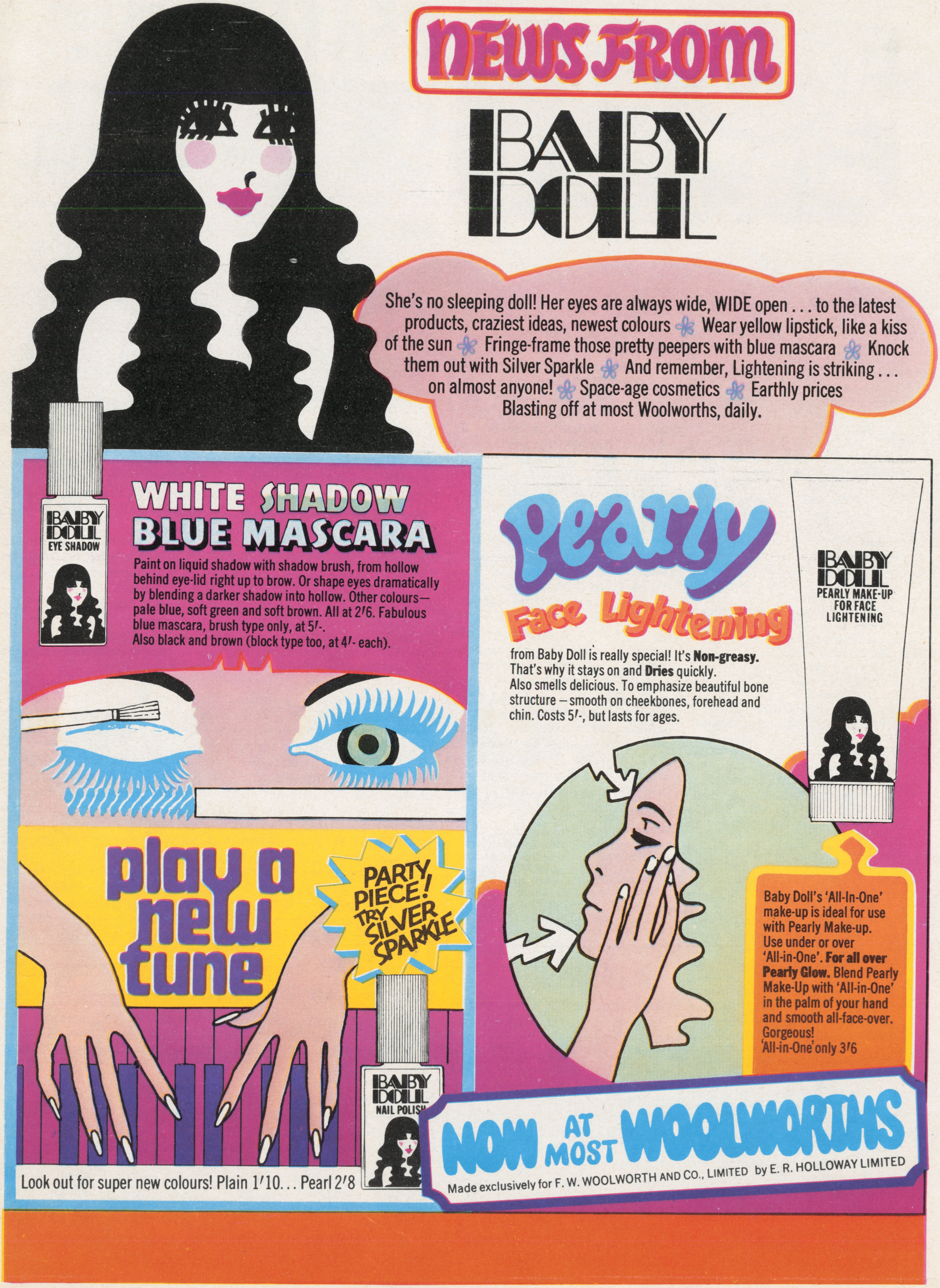

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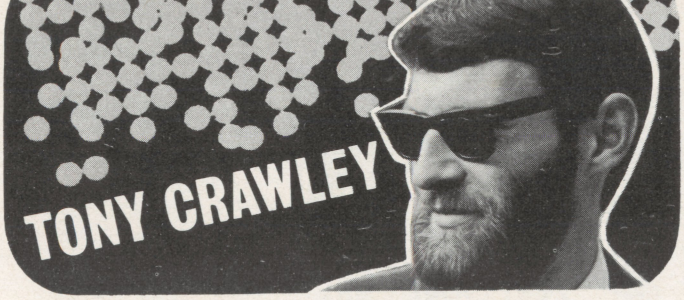


OTTO PREMINGER has a new rival. His brother, Ingo. A busy agent for many years, Ingo is retiring to turn producer with *Running Scared* next year.

JEAN SHRIMPTON will "definitely" film again. So says John Heyman, producer of *Privilege*. He should know. He's married to her agent!

ROBERT VAUGHN has made his first LP. The subject? Selected reading from *Hamlet*.

SYLVA KOSCINA has formed Marino Films and bought herself the Alberto Moravia story, *The Lonely Woman*.

DEAN MARTIN is jealous. A record by his son's trio—*Two In The Afternoon*—has been banned in Boston. "And I ain't never bin banned anywhere!"

DORIS DAY will ask Robert Morse: *Where Were You When The Lights Went Out?*

DIRK BOGARDE has a date with Vanessa Redgrave shortly. They'll take part in *The Adventures Of Henry Dickinson*, the much-delayed thriller idea of arty French director, Alain Resnais.

LUCILLE BALL marries Henry Fonda in *His, Hers And Theirs*. "But it's not that easy," she laughs. "This is a true story about the courtship and marriage of a woman with eight children and a man with ten!"

MICHAEL CAINE plans a safari. He'll go to Africa and find it *Written On The Sand;* his director will be Frenchman Rene (*Is Paris Burning?*) Clement.

CAMILLA SPARV has won her biggest film yet, *Mackenna's Gold*. And if you don't think it's big, just look at Carl Forman's cast for this Cinerama Western: Gregory Peck, Omar Sharif, Julie Newmar, Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Massey, Burgess Meredith, Anthony Quayle, Edward G Robinson, Eli Wallach . . . !

CHARLTON HESTON has sent his *Ben-Hur* brass helmet as a talisman to a bunch of American fliers in Vietnam. They call themselves "The Gladiators".

STANLEY KUBRICK insured himself against men landing on the moon when he started his science-fiction epic, *2001: A Space Odyssey*. A wise move. The film, which started shooting here on 29th December, 1965, will not have it's world premiere until Easter, 1968. And anything could happen by then!

Clint Dents Mint

That dangerous "man with no name", Clint Eastwood, made headline news recently . . . when he bought up the front page of a Rome film-trade paper to deny all knowledge of a film called *El Gringhero*, a director called Clarence Brown, a company called Luca Film, or any appearance in an Eastman Colour film!

What's it all about? Well, Luca Film was advertising *El Gringhero* as "the latest Clint Eastwood Western". In fact, it's a montage of several *Rawhide* episodes which Clint made for American TV four or five years ago. No wonder Clint got angry. He is the No. 1 box-office attraction in Italy these days and he doesn't like the idea of anyone trying to make a mint out of his fame—particularly by using a few old telly-films.

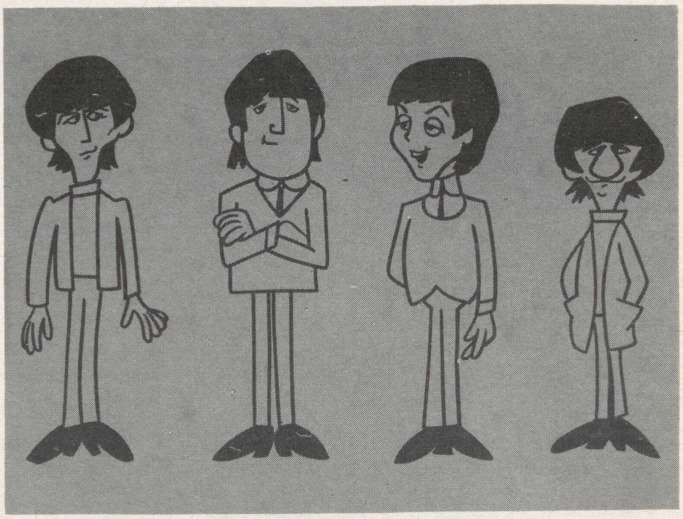
NAME NOTE. The nameless Clint was called Joe in the original Italian version of *A Fistful Of Dollars*. And in his next, *For A Few Dollars More*, he was nicknamed Half-Arm. Just goes to show what some judicious American dubbing, followed by a vast publicity campaign, can achieve!

SWINGING!

After the English, who will be "swinging" next? Australians, according to Stephen Boyd. And he's so sure of it, he's planning to make most of his films in Australia from now on. "In five years," says Steve, "there will be so much film and TV production 'down-under' it will look like a second Hollywood."

Already Albert Finney and American Vic Morrow are both planning films there about the Aussie Robin Hood, Ned Kelly. So is Rod Taylor. He's an Aussie after all.

BEATLES and that 3rd film



THIS is how you'll see the Beatles in their next film, *Yellow Submarine* . . . And it's all you'll see of them on film for some time. For according to producer Walter Shenson, it will be next year at least before they return to the studios for a normal film. "You'll have to be patient," Shenson tells the fans. "The boys are. I am. Only United Artists aren't; they just want another film."

Hence this cartoon venture. A TV series just like it has already been successfully screened in America. Now the makers, King Features, plan a full-length film for United Artists, with many of the *Sgt. Pepper* songs. Call it a cartoon-LP!

But back to Shenson, gently discussing his Beatle problem, while producing Jerry Lewis' *Don't Raise The Bridge, Lower The Water* at Shepperton. "They don't really *need* a film right now," says Walter. "They'd prefer to wait anyway, instead of producing just another 90 minutes of Beatles in colour. As for me, I do one film a year. That's enough! So maybe next year." Main problem, however, is finding the right script. There was the Western suggestion. "*Too obvious*," said the boys. And the same went for all thoughts of re-vamping *The Three Musketeers* or the old Marx Brothers' movies.

"We've got the idea now," smiles Shenson. "It's brilliant! All four boys play the one split-personalitied character. Now all we need is a brilliant writer. For the boys want something new, different. You have only to hear their LPs to realise they are not satisfied with anything less. If they record a tune and don't like it, they throw the tape away. You can't afford to do *that* with film!"

Whether the cartoon-Beatles will be up-dated from the (above) TV images, and be given moustaches and all the other swinging appendages, is anyone's guess. "The moustaches don't worry me," adds Shenson. "They've always been trendsetters. I don't care if we have to wait until they're bald! It's them we want. Not their hair-dos."

And how are the SELLERS?

"Everything's great, just great, thank you!" report Peter and Britt Sellers from the Hollywood they have jointly conquered. On their first visit back there since his near-fatal heart attack, Sellers is on top of the world again, playing a funny Indian in *The Party*, for *The Pink Panther*-man, Blake Edwards. And he has received some of the best reviews of his life for his last film, *The Bobo*—which has done so much for his co-star and wife, Britt Ekland. Her fee is now 250,000 dollars.

In Hollywood it's always a case of the higher the fee, the better the offers—which is how Britt has won herself about ten new films, including a wonderful Hollywood debut, with Tony Curtis.

"I'm playing the young Quaker girl who (accidentally!) performed the first ever strip-tease," she says. The film is *The Night They Raided Minksy's*. And the date of this celebrated first strip: 19th April, 1925!

BURTONS take on Joe Losey

AFTER the longest rest since their marriage, the Burtons have gone back to work—in their eighth film together, Boom, *directed by Joseph Losey from a Tennesee Williams play. Liz, Burton, Losey* AND *Williams—this must be the most explosive combination of the year!*

Meanwhile, Losey's usual star, Dirk Bogarde, is left with nothing to do. He was due to act with the Burtons (as Liz's husband, in fact) in The Public Eye *this summer, but the star-couple opted out. Why? They simply couldn't locate a director they liked who was able to make it when they were. So until November, when Burton was due to start* Where Eagles Dare, *an espionage yarn by Alistair MacLean, it looked like being a long holiday for them. Then came along the* Privilege *producer, John Heyman, with* Boom. *"No, they don't play a married couple," says co-producer Norman Priggen, rather guardedly. "Anything but . . . !"*

Next year, the couple may do two more co-starring vehicles: Thornton Wilder's The Skin Of Our Teeth *(with Liz in a dual role), and Iris Murdoch's* A Severed Head, *which Julie Christie should have made, and didn't, last year. Hard luck on Julie? Not at all. The Burtons want as co-stars Marlon Brando and . . . Julie Christie. Julie's earned it; she tied with Liz in Italy's David di Donatello awards for the best foreign actress of 1967.*

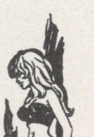
STRIPS are real-ly with-it now

ALFONSO AVINCOLA

LATEST screen vogue: Film heroes from the comic strips. Britain began it with *Modesty Blaise*. Now Italy (as always) follows suit with two very popular Continental op-art comic-strips. In both cases, satire is swopped for "comic", but the "strips" remain!

DIABOLIK is a good-baddie. John Phillip Law plays this cat-like master thief, a man who climbs walls like a fly, swallows pills to feign death on capture, lives in a futuristic underground bachelor pad (where the vault is bulging with gold) and evades most traps with the grace of a gazelle. He's also very romantic. Ask his girl: Eva Kant. Who can, when played by Marisa Mell.
Usually garbed in black—or something way-out—Diabolik is always beating his enemy, Insp. Ginko. For example: An armoured truck should be carrying 10 million dollars; but Ginko has it all in his Rolls to beat any robbery plans. *Snap!* That's deadly Diabolik in action—swooping on the Rolls, Ginko and all, with a crane, grabbing the car and swinging it to a harbour where he flees with the booty in a speedboat. *Diabolikal!*

BARBARELLA is a do-gooder. A tasty little goodie, too. She's probably more famous in America than France, where she was created, then dropped for being "too saucy". Well, she's hardly ever fully-clothed, you see. To start with she scorns skirts in favour of body-stockings, with a few lush adornments. And these always—but always!—get torn off in her various battles. With robot dolls and the like.
Little wonder, then, that Roger Vadim is making the film. With his wife, Jane Fonda, as the very BB-like heroine from the year A.D. 40,000. Grins Vadim: "She's a futuristic *Mary Poppins*." Oh really; Julie Andrews was never like this!
An erotic mixture of Batman and Bond, Barbarella—first drawn by artist Jean-Claude Forest in 1962—is all set to be a huge hit. With women in particular, many of whom, may follow her line and fight social injustice and war.



Certainly no expense is being spared to make Barbarella the find of the year. The script comes from FOUR writers, and among his cast, Vadim has Italy's top clown, Ugo Tognazzi; Germany's new sensation, Anita Pallenberg; and Eire's *Ulysses* star, Milo O'Shea. "I'm the villain," he frowns. "I sentence Barbarella to death *by* pleasure. In my Excessive Machine!"

MY ALPHA-BEAUTIES

K.K is for KATIA KRISTINA

In 1945 Katia was voted Holland's most beautiful baby. She still is—say the French who made her a model, and the Italians who have launched her in films. She stars with Bardot in a new sketch film in Rome—and it's KK, not BB, who is seen nude. "I don't mind," she says. "That's how I want to win fame. By sex-appeal." Well, it worked for her, 22 years ago . . .

This Month's Cover Star

Claudia's Career? there's no stopping her now

It was more a surprise than a shock when Claudia Cardinale revealed in April that (a) she was married to Franco Cristaldi, the man who discovered her and (b) she was the unwed mother of a son born in London nine years before. Not so very long ago, such an announcement would have caused a huge outcry, putting the star's career into jeopardy. Ask Ingrid Bergman!

Times change, however. Values, too. And the world respected, rather than blamed, Claudia for the unselfish manner in which she had protected young Patrick from the glare of publicity during all her years of fame. Claudia has never been even remotely connected with any sort of scandal in her ten-year-old career. A rare achievement for a sex-symbol in this day and age, and it stood her in good stead when her time for honesty came.

And so today, as far as the Cardinale career is concerned, Claudia has rarely been busier. She has, for example, just finished her fourth Hollywood film, *A Time For Heroes*, with Rod Taylor. This is her 33rd film since she played a bit role—in Arabic—in a Tunisian production called *Goha*. The leading man was another complete unknown. Called Omar Sharif.

Her next releases in Britain are the result of a quick tour of the globe. She went to Rio and sunbathed nude ("in the strictest privacy") for a fortnight to gain the necessary all-over tan for the delightful heroine of *A Rose For Everyone*. Next stop was Italy, for a sketch film with Raquel Welch, *The Queens*, in which CC plays what she lovingly calls "the most uninhibited gypsy girl in all the world". Thence Hollywood for a brisk send-up of those beach party type of films, *Don't Make Waves* with Tony Curtis.

"Eet was," says CC cheerfully, "a ver' busy year." And the next one looks as if it's going to be just the same.

THROUGHOUT BRITAIN WOMEN ARE REPORTING

Amazing Gains on their Bustlines

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FABULOUS *Mark Eden Developer*

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Mrs. Maureen Henderson of Hampstead says: My bustline increased from **36″ to 39″** in just **8 WEEKS** with the fabulous Mark Eden Method.

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THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS of Mark Eden Bustline developers have been purchased. Maureen Henderson is only one of many women who have been able to achieve gains of three, four and five inches on their bustlines. One woman writes: "After adding 3″ to my bustline with the Mark Eden Developer I have a new confidence in myself."

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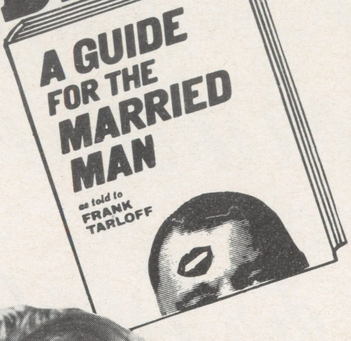
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN
as told to
FRANK TARLOFF

GUIDE. Robert Morse is the man with all the tips for the married man; but he doesn't let on to his wife (Claire Kelly).

Gene Kelly was in France starring in a musical when "the script in a thousand" arrived at his Hollywood office.

"It's just what I've been waiting for," he glowed on his return.

His enthusiasm for the subject comes through in the picture, for who will argue that *A Guide To The Married Man* isn't one of the wittiest, tongue-in-cheek comedies we have seen for a long time. Yes, Kelly has directed a hit all right—and it's based on Hollywood's most touchy subject: sex!

The guide in *A Guide To The Married Man* is cheeky Robert Morse. The pupil: Walter Matthau. And 'technical advice' is given by 18 guest stars including Lucille Ball, Jack Benny, Joey Bishop, Carl Reiner and Terry-Thomas in some of the whackiest sketches ever screened.

The whole film is little more than a learn-it-yourself course in adultery—American style.

The Morse code is: to err is human. It even helps a marriage: "Helped mine. I haven't resented my wife in six years!" But, he insists, if you want to play you must observe the rules of the game. Matthau seems eager to try and so Morse passes on some advice . . .

Rule 1: You must get out of the house. It's simple to achieve this. Complain bitterly at having chicken

MORE FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

2 Stars in demand

the sailor from gibraltar

●Since his first film in 1941—that all-time classic, *Citizen Kane*—Orson Welles has been a victim of his own genius, falling in and out of favour in the film-world more times than he can recall. Recently, though, he's been back with a vengeance . . .

His formidable performance as Cardinal Wolsey in *A Man For All Seasons* is small, but vital. For when Wolsey dies, it is Paul Scofield as Sir Thomas More who takes over as Chancellor of England, and that's when the trouble really brews in this magnificent award-winning picture.

Welles pops up next, all too briefly, in Tony Richardson's *The Sailor From Gibraltar*, with Jeanne Moreau and Ian Bannen. Then this winter, he'll be seen as Oliver Reed's boss in *I'll Never Forget What's 'Is Name*.

PORTRAIT
SHOWTIME
GALLERY

FRANK SINATRA
as
TONY ROME

The Devil I am

NORMAN GRYSPEERDT

PETER COOK makes life hell for DUD!

"Poor Dud is selling his soul to me," said Peter Cook. He was discussing his new film with Dudley Moore; a venture which the Americans have already labelled "a hip version of *Faust*". Pete and Dud have another title: *Bedazzled*. But this wasn't their first choice.

"We were going to call it *Raspberries And Julie Andrews*," explained Cook languidly. "Then we thought of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in *Julie Andrews*. But *Bedazzled* it is."

"It's a great title," said Dudley, who was on his way to shoot a bedroom scene—with Raquel Welch, no less. "Raquel is Lust—one of the Seven Deadly Sins," he explained. And a wicked laugh echoed down the corridor as he went to "work".

So I sat with the other half of this enjoyable duo. Swinging Peter Cook!

"We went off to the West Indies to write the script," he began. "At least, that was the idea. But a slight conflict of opinion arose when we arrived. I became lazy. Dudley became more and more energetic. And as I fell asleep on the sand, he fell into a state of boredom. Even so, we managed to think up the basic idea—and we've been working on the script on and off for about a year."

The first ever Cook-Moore film script has Dudley playing a sad little fellow called Stanley Moon. Peter plays the devil. Not the devil as you may imagine him, but in one of his many earthly disguises: George Spiggott, who runs a seedy beer joint in Soho, staffed by a bunch of hostesses called the Seven Deadly Sins.

"Dudley," said Peter, "is a short-order chef in a Wimpy bar. He's never had anything in life and he's never likely to change that situation. He's hopelessly in love with a girl (Eleanor Bron) whom he's never dared speak to. So he sells his soul to the devil—after the devil promises him everything in life a man could possibly want."

Such as?

"Women, fast cars and wafer-thin after-dinner chocolate mints!" laughed Peter. "Also, Dud is promised that he can become anything in life he wants. He makes use of this 'present' but it doesn't bring him much happiness because the devil is always there to mess up his plans."

It all sounds rather sad, I suggested.

"It's *very* sad," agreed Peter. "It's the story of these two miserable people. You see, the devil is pretty miserable too. He didn't want to be cast out of Heaven and he'd like to get back in. He hates his job and he likes Dudley—but he still has his duty to carry out and that is to make life absolute hell for everyone. He tries to enjoy his work but it has become pretty boring because man has taken over nearly all his functions and it's very hard to find anyone to corrupt."

Having written the script, Pete and Dud sent it to a British company.

"It was with them a long while but they didn't make up their mind," explained Peter. "Then, when my wife, Wendy, heard I was to have lunch with Stanley Donen, to talk about something else, she suggested he'd be the ideal director. I agreed but I didn't think it was his sort of film. Anyway, I thought he must have commitments for years ahead. However, we had lunch together and he asked me what I was up to, so I told him. And it was all set up in two days."

Pete and Dud were delighted with their good fortune for both considered Donen—the man behind such huge hits as *Charade* and *Arabesque*—to be the ideal man to take charge of their international breakthrough.

Peter Cook started comedy writing while still at Cambridge. He worked on the University's *Footlight* shows and was commissioned to pen sketches for various West End shows, including two Kenneth Williams revues. Then he helped form the famous *Beyond The Fringe* quartet, and he's been sketch-ing ever since.

☛ 40

How Hollywood turned a pretty Texas girl into Sharon Tate —Star

'Sexy little

Sharon Tate had no film work for the moment. In her London flat she moved about looking for something to do. She sat Buddha-style on the floor and put on fake eyelashes, one at a time. She worried that a sunlamp treatment was going to make red cracks in her face. "Doesn't it seem to be getting all red on the cheeks? Look close now."

She wore a grey sweat-suit and furry boots, having been to her daily gym class that afternoon. She didn't like the gym, but Roman Polanski had told her she must go. She started to bite a fingernail, but stopped. Roman had forbidden any more fingernail biting; she had a tendency to bite them down to the nub. She went to the refrigerator and brought out the makings for a salami sandwich. No beer; it might bloat her, and Roman was taking her to dinner.

There was no place in the apartment for her to relax. Everything inside had a transient look, as if the tenants would be there only a short season. A complicated stereo set sat on crates; Bach on top of a stack of records, Cannonball Adderly on the bottom. There were no pictures, no pets, no cozy heat.

As Sharon reached for a folder of still photographs from *The Vampire Killers*—directed by, and co-starring Polanski—she stuck up her bottom in a way she has; as she went through the photos, she pushed out her bosom. By reflex. Her thoughts were totally on her director, who was not there. She had been in three unreleased films—*The Eye Of The Devil*, *The Vampire Killers* and *Don't Make Waves*, all with different directors. If she caught the public's fancy in any of them, she would become a star. And she was pleased with her work in *The Vampire Killers!* She was in a nude bathtub scene, and in a brief sequence she got spanked!

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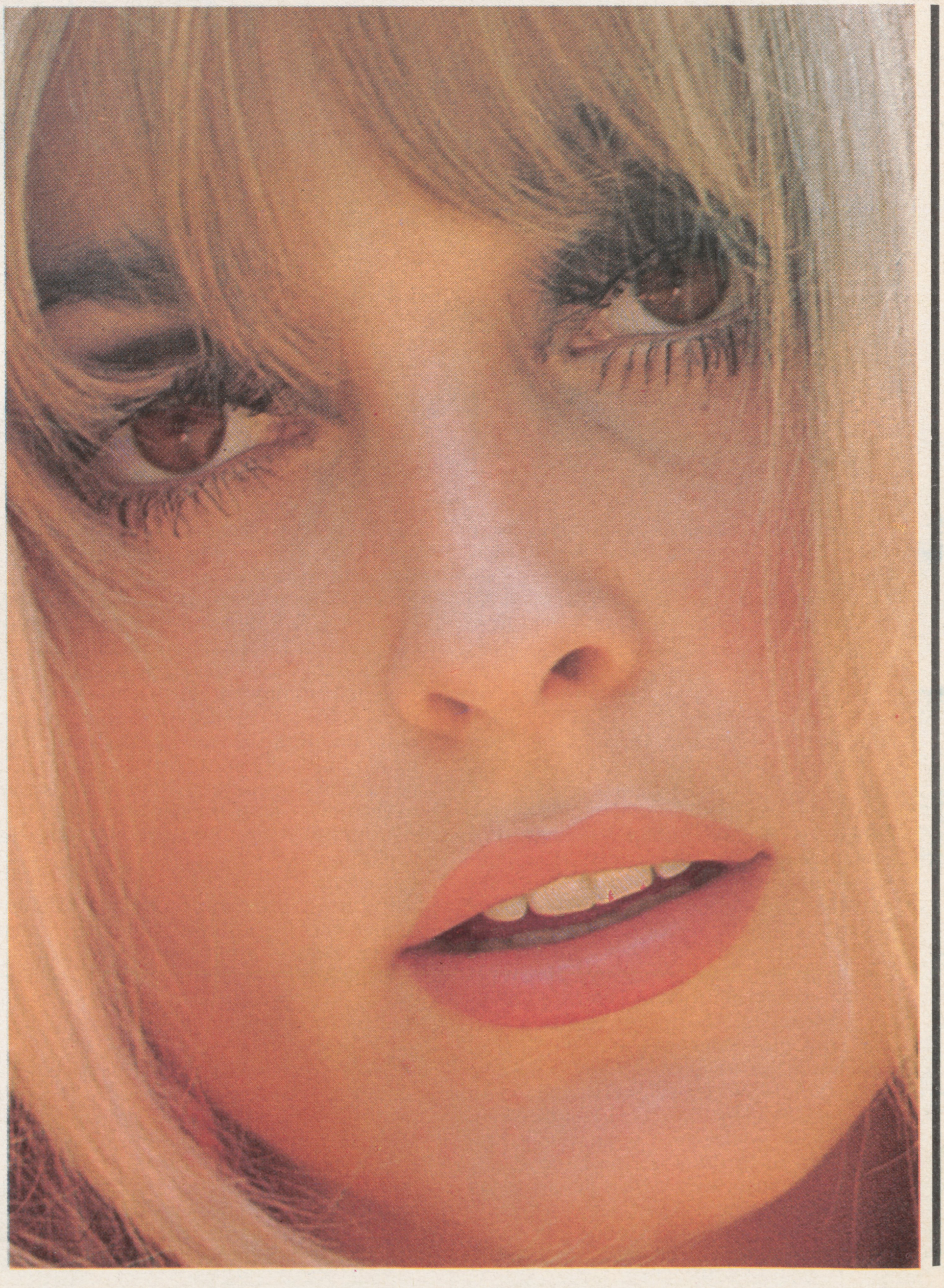


me'

"I want to do a complete nude scene," Sharon pleaded

'Sexy little me'

The dull London afternoon turned dark, and still no Polanski. He could be cutting *The Vampire Killers*, tied up in London traffic or sitting in a café. She wondered if tonight she would be thrown with people who would overwhelm her with their wit, their awesome knowledge, their self-confidence.

She had always been beautiful, and people were forever losing themselves in fantasy over her—electing her a beauty queen, imagining her as a wife, dreaming of a caress. Most people had fantasies. A few, like Polanski, took charge.

AT the age of six months, Sharon Tate was elected Miss Tiny Tot of Dallas. Her parents came from Houston, but her father was (and is) in the army, so the family moved around in army style, her father frequently absent from home. She remembers that when her father returned from an overseas tour, and she had reached a nubile age, her mother's first command was: "*Now Sharon Marie, button up that nightgown when you come out of your bedroom. Daddy's home.*"

At 16 she was elected Miss Richland, Washington, and a short time later, named Miss Autorama. At the age of 17 she was in Verona, Italy, where her father was stationed, and the prizes mounted. She was a very pretty, large-eyed girl, with hair somewhat darker and hips a little broader than now. She daydreamed about becoming a psychiatrist and a ballerina.

Today the fad among young girls in cosmopolitan circles is to use the old Anglo-Saxon words in everyday conversation, and Sharon Tate leads the way. But at 17, she was starting her worldly knowledge. When the Tates moved from Italy to Southern California, Sharon decided it was time to live on her own. She was 18, and she paid a visit to Harold Gefsky, then agent for Richard Beymer, a young actor she'd met in Rome. "She was so young and beautiful," Gefsky, a softly spoken man, said in his Sunset Boulevard office, "that I didn't know what to do with her."

He got her work because her father had given her only a few dollars to sink or swim on. One of her first jobs was dressing-up in Irish costume and handing out wine in Los Angeles restaurants at £8 a day. She also made TV commercials for cars and cigars. People who knew her during this period agree on one thing: *She was the most beautiful girl in the world.* "Everywhere I took her she caused a sensation," Gefsky said. "Take her into a restaurant and the owner would pay for her meal. Photographers kept stopping her on the street. I've lived in Hollywood since the mid-forties, but I've never seen anything like it before or since."

AT this point no one, except perhaps Sharon, knew if she wanted to be an actress. Then Gefsky took her by to meet his friend Herbert Browar, who was connected with TV's *Petticoat Junction*. Possibly Browar could fix her up with a minor role; something to tide her over. Browar took one look at her and rushed her in to see Martin Ransohoff, head of Filmways Inc. He had first started producing TV commercials in New York, branched out in TV shows with such winners as *Mr. Ed*, *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Petticoat Junction*. Then, movies: *The Americanization Of Emily* and *The Loved One*, which got mixed reviews but generally made money. Not everyone has had pleasant dealings with Ransohoff in Hollywood, but all agree he is a super salesman.

When he first saw Sharon Tate, he squinted his right eye and did something that was very impulsive, even for him. "*Draw up a contract*," he shouted. "*Get her mother. Get my lawyer. This is the girl I want!*"

He had not seen a screen test, not even a still photograph. She had hardly opened her mouth. But Marty Ransohoff, like the rest of us, has his fantasies—and Sharon Tate walked into one of his fondest ones. "I have this dream," Ransohoff said, "where I'll discover a beautiful girl who's a nobody and turn her into a star everybody wants. But once she's successful, then I'll lose interest."

Sharon signed a seven-year contract and Ransohoff took charge. Gefsky, a nice man, bowed out. At first she lived in complete fear of Ransohoff, and did as she was told. "She wouldn't even eat a hamburger if he told her not to," a friend said. She appeared in *The Beverly Hillbillies* disguised in a black wig. Off and on she studied acting.

Jeff Corey, one acting coach, said: "An incredibly beautiful girl, but a fragmented personality."

Charles Conrad, another acting teacher, said, "Such a beautiful girl, you would have thought she would have all the confidence in the world. But she had none."

Among her friends, however, she began to refer to herself as 'sexy little me'.

RANSOHOFF tried to place Sharon in *The Cincinnati Kid*—his own production—but failed when the director demanded Tuesday Weld. Sharon was packed off to New York to study under the personal direction of Lee Strasberg at the Actors' Studio. "She was only with me a few weeks," Strasberg said, "but I remember her. A beautiful girl." In New York Sharon had a romance with a young French star, who offered relief from her Texas-style, Puritan upbringing. The actor was tall, dark and very nice. When they broke up, the actor bungled a suicide attempt.

Sharon continued to fear Ransohoff. Once, while driving at high speed near Big Sur, she turned her car over four and a half times, but somehow managed to crawl out with only minor injuries. Her first thought was that Marty would be mad. The first picture he finally placed her in was his British-made *The Eye Of The Devil;* she plays a chillingly beautiful, expressionless girl who goes about putting spells on people. Then back to Hollywood for her second film, *Don't Make Waves*, in which she plays a beautiful, deadpan skydiver. Sharon's first two directors were older men; J. Lee Thompson and Alexander Mackendrick—British, very polite, very nice and understanding with a novice actress.

And then Ransohoff began dickering with Roman Polanski, the Polish director (*Repulsion*, *Cul-de-Sac*) living in London, to make a picture. Polanski, a tiny, baby-faced man whose explosive manner and Beatle-like appearance belie his much-admired skill as a maker of art films, wanted to do *The Vampire Killers*, a spoof of horror movies. He wanted to play in it himself, with a beautiful girl.

"How about Sharon Tate?"

"I was thinking more in terms of Jill St. John," Polanski said.

At Ransohoff's instigation, Sharon and Polanski had dinner together. He looked at her from time to time, but said nothing. On a second dinner date he was painfully silent once more. A real weirdo, she thought.

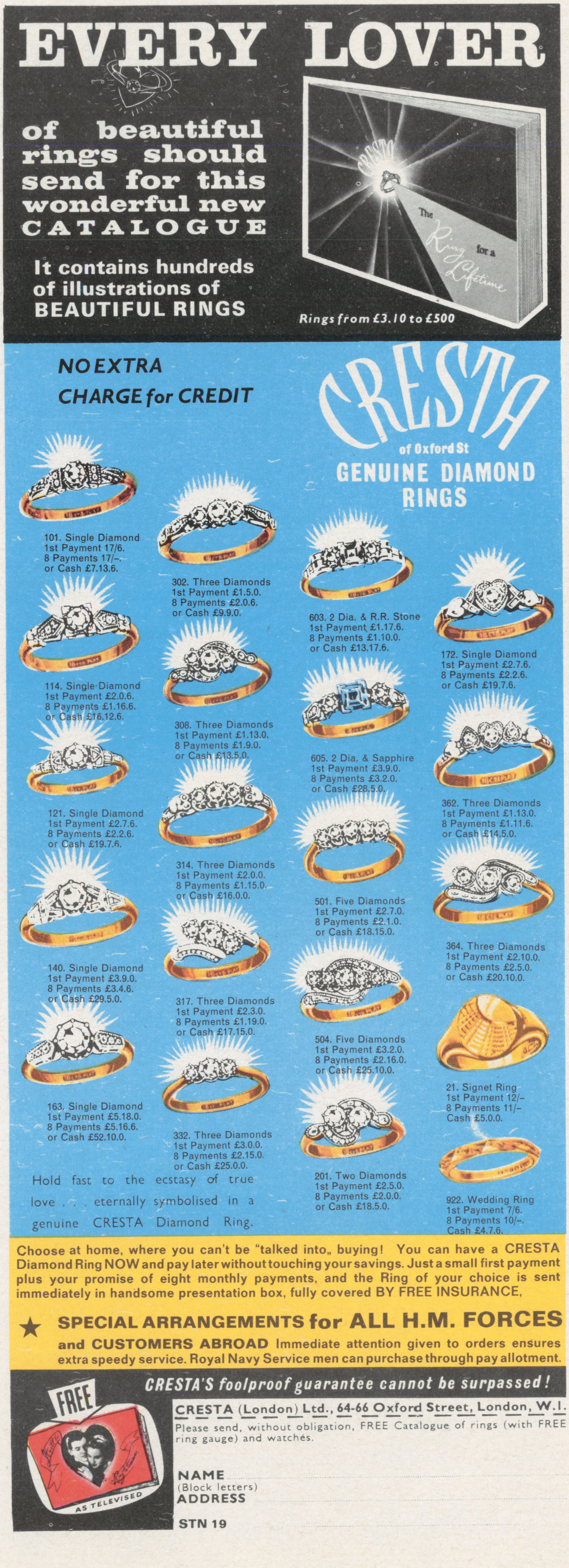
One night he took her to his apartment which had no electricity. He lit a candle and excused himself, flying upstairs to don a Frankenstein mask. He crept behind her, raised his arms, and whinnied like a madman. Sharon turned and emitted a terrible scream. It took more than an hour for her hysterical weeping to subside. Later, Polanski informed Ransohoff that Sharon would do fine!

On the set he treated her as if they never saw each other at night. He cajoled, flattered, got angry—whatever worked—and never had lunch with her. During the nude bathtub scene, he snapped pictures of her. Still enthusiastic, he had her pose all over the set in the altogether, and then sent the results to *Playboy*. She plays a gorgeous redhead in *The Vampire Killers* —and she shows emotion.

ROMAN Polanski walked into the apartment in a blue blazer and high-gloss shoes, carrying a briefcase. He has a good-sized nose and searching, deep-set eyes, and he nodded briskly to Sharon. "A Barbara called," she let out daintily.

"A Barbara?" he called from the kitchen, out of sight. A pause. "You

☞ 44



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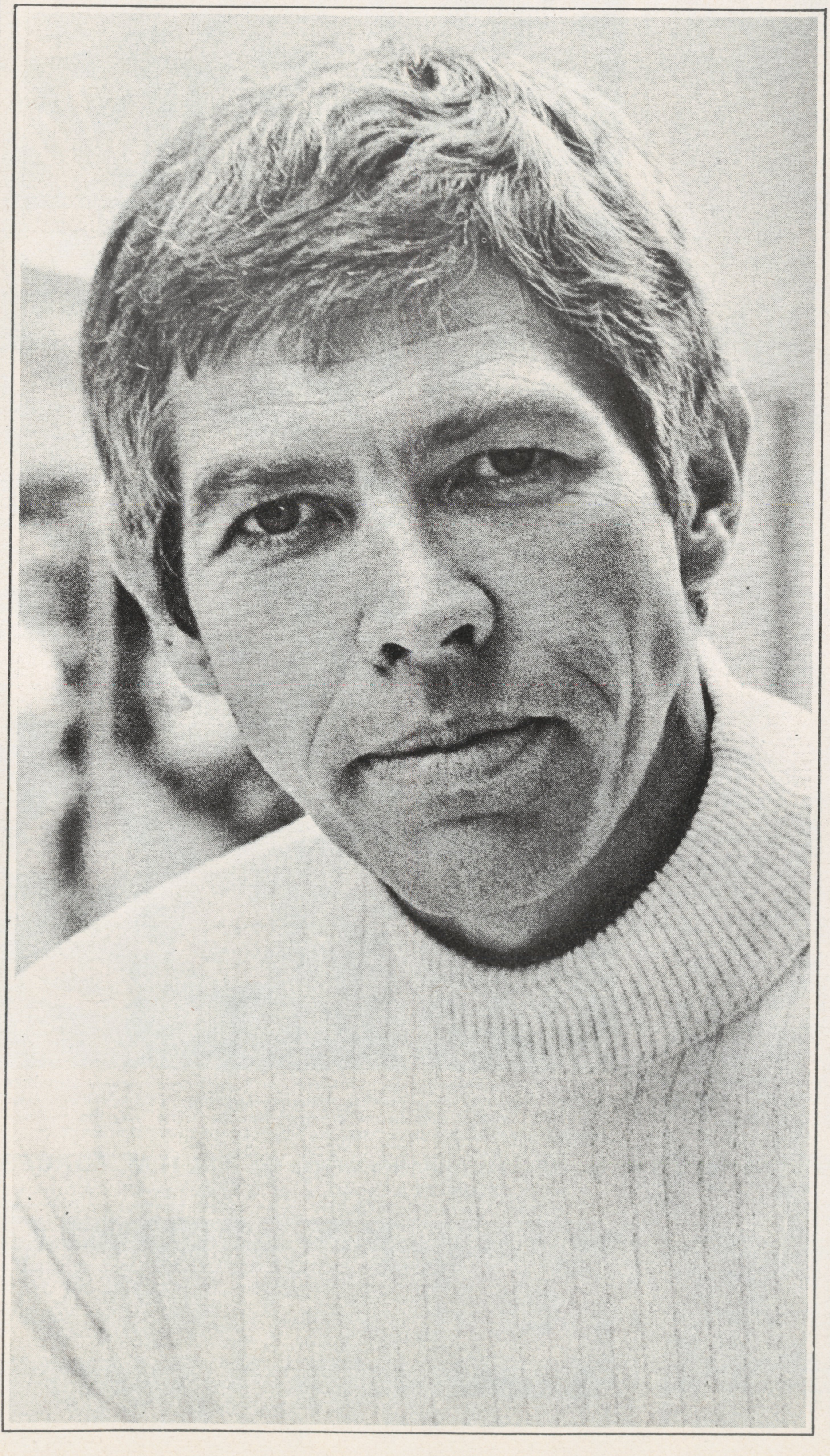
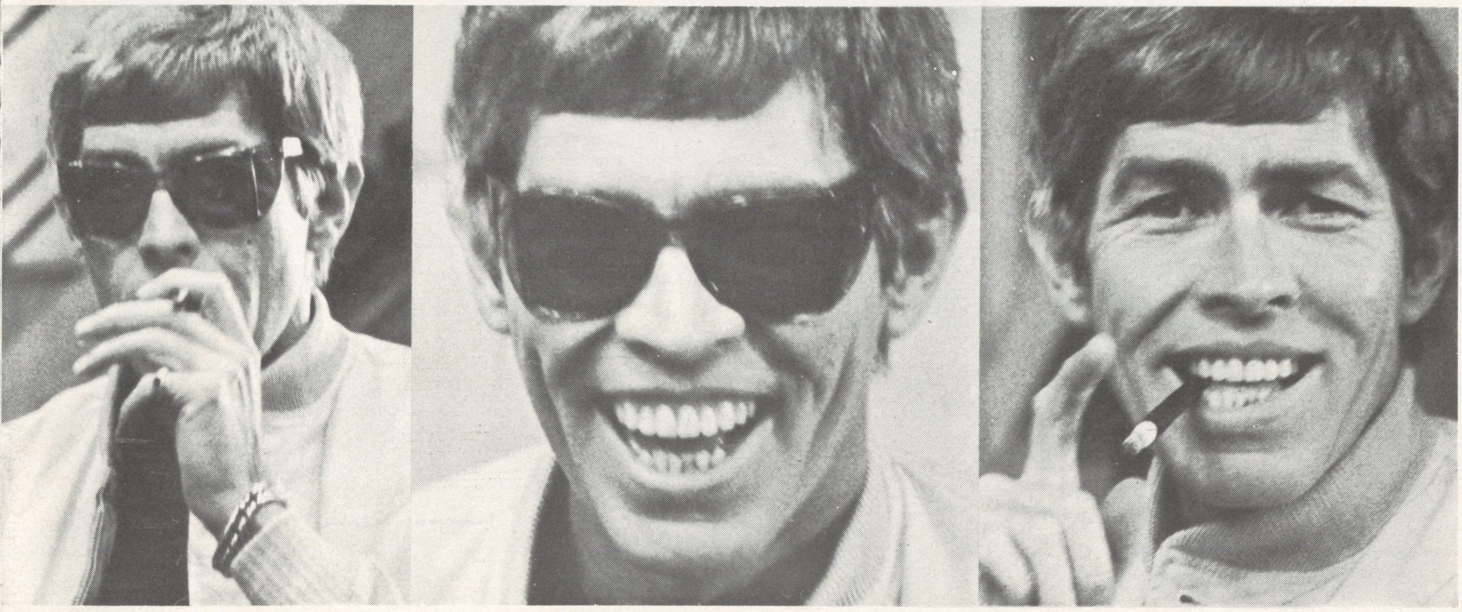


by JAMES COBURN

ll
play Flint again



James Coburn, alias *Our Man Flint*, drummed an ashtray on his dressing-room table. "I will," he said firmly, "never make another Flint film."

I was surprised to hear him say it. But this was no joke. His hooded blue eyes were serious.

"All right," he went on, "I'll admit the part of secret agent Derek Flint made me famous. But an actor has to progress, and I didn't really have to act in the Flint films. I just turned on a character and got stuck into a hell of a lot of action.

"There's no doubt about it, Flint made me bankable in the film-world's common market! Producers will now gamble two million dollars on just me alone. My fee has soared. For *Our Man Flint* I got $75,000. Now I'm making $450,000 a film and that's basically due to the tremendous success of Flint.

"This picture I'm making now, *The President's Analyst*—it's mine. My own production company is making it and this is the first time I've been in that position.

"If it hadn't been for Flint it would probably have taken me another ten years to get where I am today—if ever!"

James Coburn's rebellion will no doubt disappoint his fans around the world. *Our Man Flint* and *In Like Flint* resulted, after all, in an avalanche of more than four million fan letters.

Did he find it strange, I wondered, *that by playing a part he didn't basically admire, he should find himself elevated to top-star status?*

"Yes, true, but it all works out really. I've been acting for 16 years, did a hell of a lot of small TV, and have made more than 15 films. Flint was a challenge to me in that I'd never before carried a film by myself. That's why I did it.

"Also, I thought Flint could be a fantastic character. Unfortunately he was never truly realised because of lack of imagination in the writing, the direction and whatever. The first hit film was an accident and in the second, they were trying to recreate that accident, and you just can't do that.

"Of course, it made even more money than the first but they didn't deepen the character at all. Now I want to escape that image. I said I wouldn't do any more unless my own company did them."

How did they take that?

"They just said, '*Okay, we won't do any more*'. That suited me just fine. I wanted to show what Flint was really like, you see . . . he was just a character moving through life saving countries and the world from disaster, but there was another level to his existence which I found far more interesting. He was the completely free man—free of all bonds and conventional allegiances. He would be a very interesting character to develop and that was my condition but . . . they just weren't interested.

"He was the complete antithesis of James Bond. I don't know how they would come out in a fight but Bond *is* in bondage really. He has all the conventional allegiances—Queen, country, patriotism, etc, but he was given the right to kill.

"Another problem was that Bond came from a single literary mind whereas Flint came from motion picture gag writers, studio executives—so many thumbs in the pudding it was almost impossible to be anything more than just crass commerciality. I rebelled against that. I felt it was a cheat, you know."

Why had Coburn become an actor at all?

"Well, I wanted to direct really. When I came out of the U.S. Army as a radio operator, I went back to Los Angeles City College to get the right grades so I could get into the cinema department of the University of Southern California.

"The college had a two-year repertory theatre so I joined it, thinking all an actor had to do was stand up there and say the pretty words. I soon found I knew *nothing* about acting, so how the hell could I *direct* actors? I started studying and almost before I knew it, I was being offered work as an actor. I devoted the next ten years to it, started making it as an actor and had a ball!"

Coburn's first really lucky break came when he was in New York. He was struggling to find parts and had started a small off-Broadway repertory theatre with some equally impoverished actors.

One day he was down to $21. He went into an advertising agency which was looking for men to do an electric shaver TV commercial.

"There were five other bearded guys in there. We were all told the one who shaved fastest and best would get the job. I did it in 53 seconds and got the job. That series of commercials with its residuals earned me $10,000—enough to pay for coaching from Stella Adler and to keep me alive for two years!"

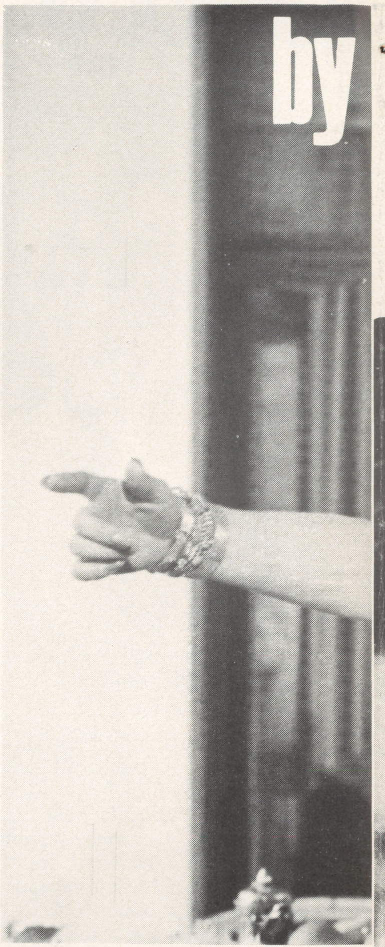
☛ 26

Peter Tipthorp flies to Nice to talk to the actress who plays Gertrude Lawrence in Bob Wise's new picture

A visitor to the set . . . during a brief break Julie chats with her mother.

My

by



Jenny Agutter, 14, plays Pamela, Gertie's daughter in *Star!* Here she is in Nice with the star of her picture, Julie Andrews.

The bracelet of lights that stretch across the bay of Nice sparkle like jewels hung out to dry. But if you believe those involved in making a film titled *Star!* in this sun-drenched playground, their glitter cannot match that of their star: Julie Andrews.

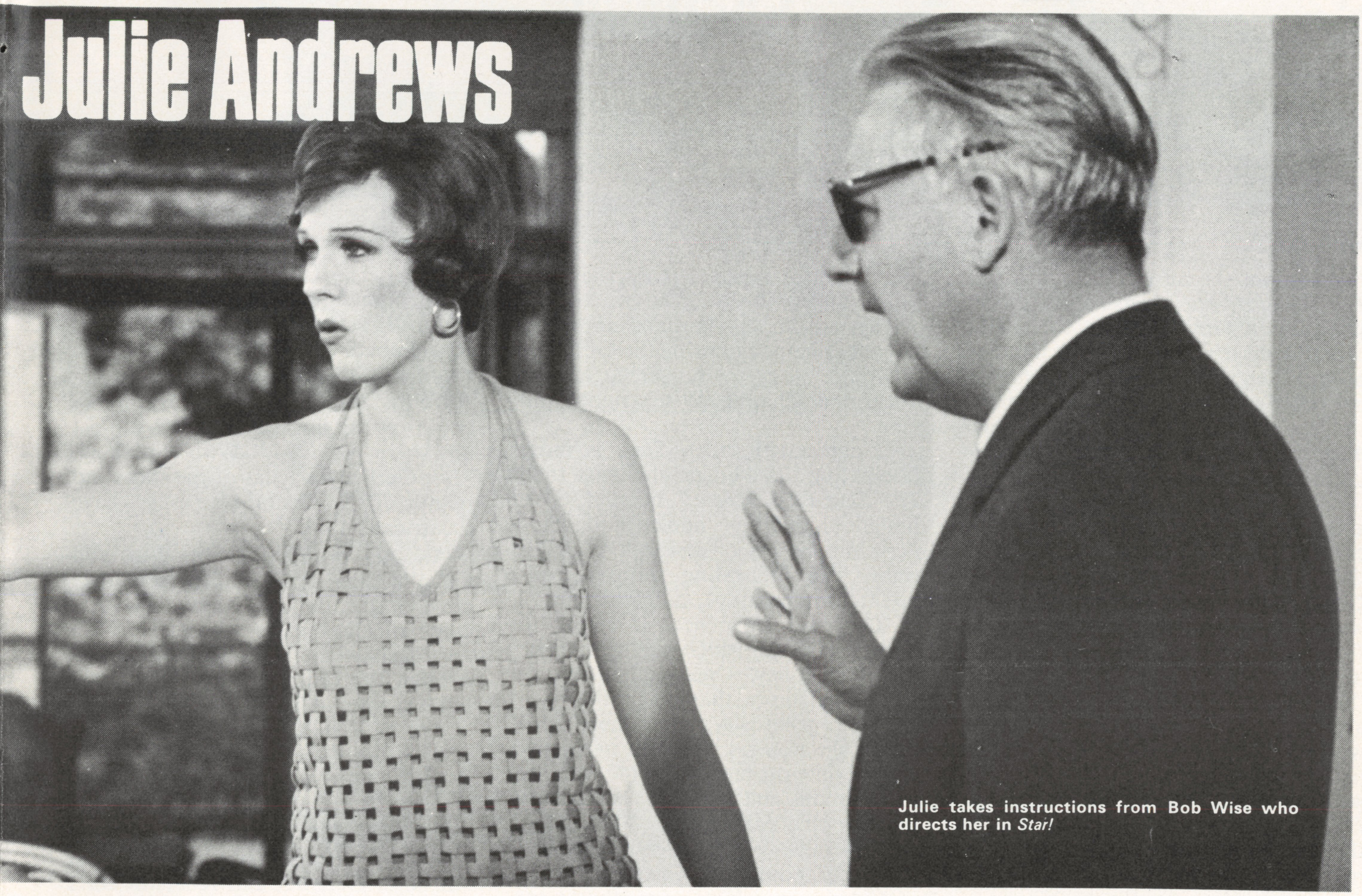
Robert Wise, who in recent years has knocked off such memorable movies as *The Sound Of Music* and *West Side Story*, and is now directing Julie in *Star!* (which is the Gertrude Lawrence story), has been working her at a terrific pace.

"It is undoubtedly Julie's most exhausting role to date," he said. "She's in 95 per cent of the film and when she's not on set she's rehearsing. She has almost a hundred costume changes. Every day I expect her to arrive for work looking like a trodden daisy. Instead, she turns up looking as if she has just returned from a month at a health farm. Fresh and shining. I don't know how she does it.

"She's a mighty big star these days

Biggest Challenge

Julie Andrews



Julie takes instructions from Bob Wise who directs her in *Star!*

—they don't come any bigger," continued Wise. "But she takes it all in her stride. How's she got to the top? It cannot be all just talent. A lot of talented people don't begin to make it the way she has made it. There is a genuineness about her; an unphoniness. She goes right through the camera, on to the film and out to the audience. Julie seems to have been born with that magic gene that comes through on the screen. I would not have made this film without her. Only she can play Gertrude Lawrence, First Lady of Broadway."

Everyone who has seen Julie working in *Star!* agrees with Wise. Even Gertrude Lawrence's husband, Richard Aldrich was moved by "the unnerving experience of seeing her play Gertie". Aldrich, unbeknown to Wise, producer Saul Chaplin, Julie and the rest of the unit, slipped into the Cape Cod Playhouse Theatre where they were shooting a scene. When it was over he went to Julie.

"I look at you now and I can see it isn't her," he said. "But when I was back there watching you play my wife, it was eerie. You are going to be marvellous."

"The part is more of a challenge than the part in the *Sound Of Music* or any other role I have played," Julie told me. "After all, Gertrude Lawrence was quite a woman. Who else but Gertie would turn up at court for a bankruptcy hearing in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce. I have always wanted to be whacky; this is my chance."

Julie was in Nice to shoot scenes which feature Gertrude Lawrence and her daughter, Pamela, played by 14-year-old British actress Jenny Agutter.

Gertie's relationship with her daughter had become strained. Because of her work, she hardly ever saw the child and, in an attempt to put things right, she took the girl to the South of France for a holiday. Sadly, the trip ended in heart-break for Gertie; the girl was more interested in returning to her school friends.

The scenes between mother and daughter were shot in and around a magnificent villa a few miles out of town. With its stunning view across the bay to Nice, its freshwater pools, sub-tropical plants and lush lawns, the villa was an idyllic spot and the unit, after a hectic schedule which had taken it across America and was soon to take it to London, was enjoying every minute of it.

Even Julie managed to grab the odd half-hour with her four-year-old daughter Emma, who each day drove with her pretty Norwegian "nanny" from Nice's palatial Negresco Hotel.

"Emma is fascinated by the business of filming," Julie told me. "And I love having her around. I like her to know what I am doing because then she feels more a part of what is going on. I took her to see *The Sound Of Music* and *Mary Poppins* and she loved them. Actually, I expected her to enjoy *Mary*

My Biggest Challenge

Poppins more because of the magic, but *The Sound Of Music* was her favourite. I suppose it's my favourite, too. I still cannot believe the success that film has been. When we were making it we had a pretty good idea it stood a great chance of being a winner, but no one imagined just how tremendously popular it was going to turn out.

"Can we do it again with this film about Gertie? Well, who can tell? I can only say, from my point of view, the part is far more rewarding. Gertrude Lawrence was a fascinating woman. She was never the same person two days running. She was terribly insecure and, for most of her life, I think she was very lonely. But she was also a star in the true sense of the word."

Star! tells the Gertrude Lawrence story up to her enormous success in *Lady In The Dark* in 1941. Just before the premiere of this show Gertie married Aldrich. Their wedding will end the picture.

Before *Lady In The Dark*, however, Gertie, who died in 1952, had established herself as one of the world's most colourful and energetic show business personalities. To bring her to life on the screen, Julie is involved in some 26 musical numbers, starting with Gertie's appearances in Charlot's Revue, in which she danced in the chorus and was understudy to Beatrice Lillie. It was while she was in this revue that Miss Lillie broke a leg and Gertie took over. As a result of her success, when the show went to America in 1924, three stars were listed above the title: Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan.

"I've listened to all of Gertie's records," Julie told me. "Her voice was sweet rather than strong. I'm not attempting to mimic her but I've absorbed an awful lot about her and that which comes naturally to me will show through. For instance, I'll sing songs such as *Someday I'll Find You* and *Someone To Watch Over Me* in the same style as Gertie—after all, who could improve on the way she sung those songs?"

The man who has perhaps more than any other helped to bring the Gertrude Lawrence story to the screen is producer Saul Chaplin, Wise's right-hand man.

"I agree with July—*Star!* is more fascinating and a bigger challenge than *The Sound Of Music*," he said. "We bought numerous books and have done mountains of research to get it right. The interesting thing is, different people paint a different picture of Gertrude Lawrence. It seems to depend a lot on which part of her life they knew her. One quality people mentioned more than any other was Gertie's generosity. But there's no doubt she was riddled with insecurity and, despite the fact she mixed with the rich, famous and titled, she was a very lonely woman at times.

"One of her closest friends was Noel Coward," continued Chaplin. "They met at drama school when they were both very young. She and Noel played sanctimonious little angels wearing white robes and gilded wings in a German morality play which was put on in Manchester. That was the beginning of it all—the start of Noel and Gertie's great careers. It was years later, after they had become the closest of friends, that they next appeared together. They starred in Noel's *Private Lives.*"

Chaplin travelled 60,000 miles setting up the script for *Star!* Hollywood, New York, London and Formosa were just a few of the places where he caught up with Wise and writer William Fairchild during the re-writing and polishing of the screenplay.

"*Star!* is taking up a whole year of Julie's life but, by the time we've finished, I think I'll have spent well over twice that time," Chaplin told me. "I just daren't think of what lies ahead. Each day I say to Bob Wise, '*We've chipped away a little more*'."

The task of putting the Gertrude Lawrence story on the screen is, indeed, a big one. There are great problems and not the least is one which faces Wise: how to get variety into 20 numbers all to be staged in the confines of theatres.

"With *The Sound Of Music* we could set the musical numbers almost anywhere we liked," Wise explained. "But Gertie was a star of the stage and many of the numbers must have theatrical settings."

Another problem facing Wise and Chaplin has been one which they created themselves. They felt that cinematically the story needed a fresh approach; that it should not be put over in the ordinary way but should have a special treatment.

After sleepless nights the two men came up with an idea which, although simple, will be tremendously effective: the film will be shot both in black and white and colour. The black and white part will be rather like a newsreel and will show Gertrude Lawrence the star; Gertie as the public saw her. The colour will show Gertrude Lawrence the woman; Gertie as her close friends knew her.

As one of her closest friends was Noel Coward, it was important for Wise and Chaplin to get his co-operation. However, neither man knew what Coward's reaction would be when he heard about the plans to film Gertie's life.

"But we needn't have worried," Chaplin told me. "After we explained the venture to him, Noel's very first question was, '*Who is going to play me?*' He was delighted about the production and very amused that he would be portrayed on the screen. When we took him the script he was even more enthusiastic. He changed only a couple of words in the dialogue we had written for the actor playing him—and he even suggested who that actor should be. His choice was Daniel Massey."

Next month: **Showtime talks to the man who plays Noel Coward in *Star!***

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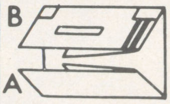

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FLAP B

FIRST FOLD

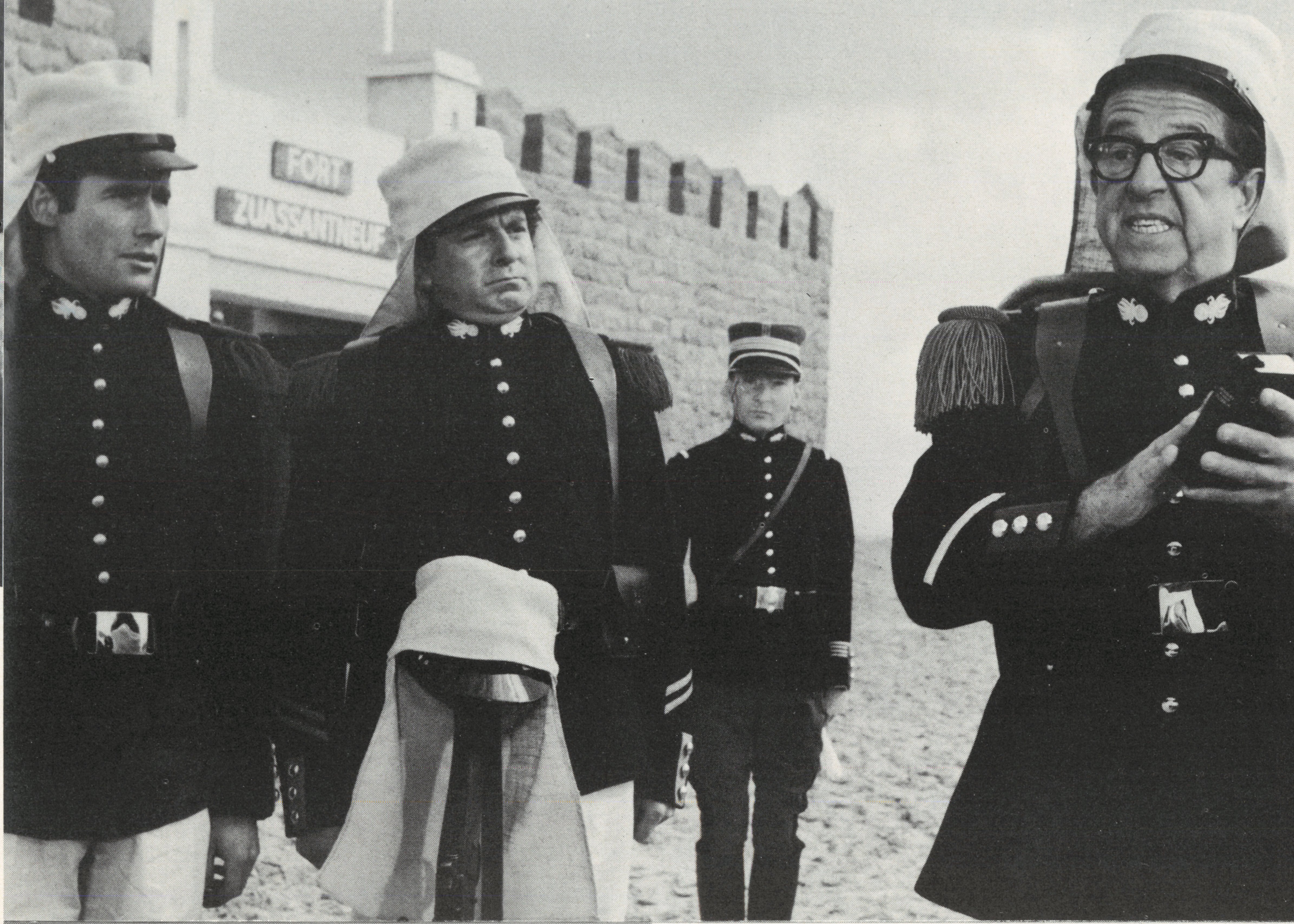
Film Preview

pictures by IAN JEAYES

Bilko joins the Foreign Legion

...and the *Carry On* team are there to make sure he feels at home!

Above: Not the Sahara but Camber Sands on the South coast where much of the film was shot. From left to right: Kenneth Williams, Angela Douglas, Phil Silvers and Jim Dale.



Above: The face is familiar but the uniform is not. This is what the famous Sergeant Bilko looks like when he becomes Sergeant Nocker of the French Foreign Legion.
Right: Sharing a joke between filming: Britain's Kenneth Williams and America's Phil Silvers.

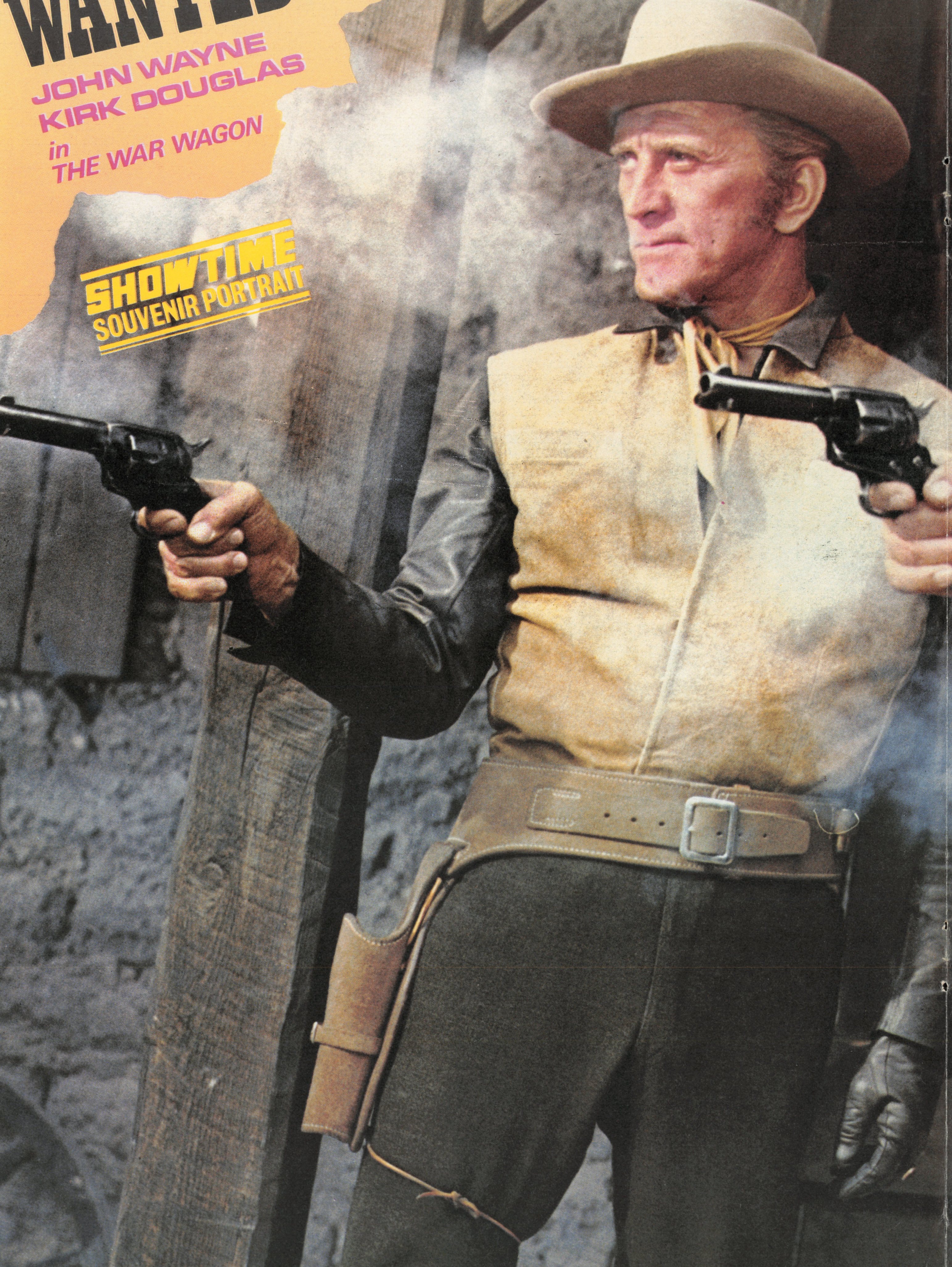
It was inevitable that producer Peter Rogers would keep his famous American import, Phil Silvers, in uniform for his first British picture, *Follow That Camel*. Phil has, after all, won international fame through his zany TV character, Sergeant Bilko. He would not be the same in civvy clothes.

Rogers even decided to give Phil the same rank—sergeant—in his production. But the name is different—and so is the uniform. Bilko of the American Army has become Nocker of the French Foreign Legion.

It was a good idea to involve the famous American comedian with the well-known *Carry On* team. The series needed a shot in the arm and, good as they are, it was unlikely the established crew—Kenneth Williams, Jim Dale, Charles Hawtrey, etc.—could provide it. Phil Silvers, on the other hand, will bring a fresh impact to the old set-up.

Follow That Camel concerns the misadventures of a young English nobleman (Jim Dale) who, believing he has committed a social gaffe, enlists in the Foreign Legion. There he finds himself under Commander Burger (Kenneth Williams) and his adjutant Captain Le Pice (Charles Hawtrey). There is also the scheming Sergeant Nocker!

The story ranges from the quiet charm of a rural cricket ground to the Legion barracks in Sidi Bel Abbes, vast stretches of sand, oases (real and imagined) and the besieged fort of Zuassantneuf.


WANTED
JOHN WAYNE
KIRK DOUGLAS
in
THE WAR WAGON
SHOWTIME
SOUVENIR PORTRAIT

Why I'll never play Flint again

WHY? Even top stars want to know why Flint is no more. Listening to Coburn's reasons here are Richard Harris and Hollywood's newest rave, Faye Dunaway.

17 ➡

He did many of the early TV shows—when they were live and before the great exodus to Hollywood to make the big TV series on film. When live TV faded out in New York, Coburn still clung on but when his theatre went bankrupt, he returned to Hollywood.

He was all but broke again. He played scores of small TV roles, met pretty divorcee Beverly Kelly, but not until he had completed his second film, a Western with Fred MacMurray, did he feel himself solvent enough to get married.

How did he meet Beverly?

He smiled that big-toothed grin which endears him to women the world over.

"A friend of mine was dating her! He was a publicity man whom I'd known a long time and he introduced her to my room-mate whom he thought she'd really dig. But she dug *me* instead! We started going out and got married at the end of that year.

"No, Beverly wasn't an actress, I'm glad to say. Nor even a secretary. She had no profession. She'd been married before and was kind of like . . . between marriages."

How did he propose to her?

"I didn't really. We went on a holiday trip to Mexico in my little Morgan sports car. We got down as far as Tijuana and before we reached the town, I sort of said '*Why don't we . . . er . . . get married and see what happens?*' She said okay. We parked the car and went into this registrar's place, where I laid out two dollars. He read something out in Spanish, which we didn't understand, told us to say *Si* here and there—and that was it. He said '*Sign here*', and when we'd done that, he said '*Now you may kees her*'. I keesed her—and we were married!

"She is a marvellous girl for me. You hear of so much pressure on Hollywood marriages, but this doesn't happen with us because Beverly doesn't act. She always comes with me on locations and we generally take our two kids when we can—Lisa, who is ten, and James, who is six.

"Beverly looks after us and takes charge of the home, an old Spanish house up in Beverly Hills, which she decorated herself. She also handles most of our business affairs, like investments and the like. I just don't have time to cope with all that.

"Our business manager deals only with her. She brings me all the stuff and we talk over our business matters, but she signs the cheques!"

I recalled that James Coburn was brought up during the Depression in America. *Did he think his children's lives would differ much from his?*

"Yes, but I'm not afraid they will suffer by having too much too soon. I do try to guard against that, to give them the kind of influences they need. They reflect the influences Beverly and I give them. I can't worry too much about what they will become. I can see only that they are given food, clothing, an education, and love and hope. One can't take responsibility for children beyond a certain point in their lives."

Is Coburn happy in his work?

"Yes, especially now that I have the freedom to come closer to what I think is good. At least, I have the freedom to *choose* . . . whether I choose right or not is something else, but that freedom makes me very happy.

"I don't know how easy I am to live with, though. If I'm not working I get restless, wanting to get back to work. When I do work, my attention is so devoted to it I imagine Beverly gets a little bored because I can't devote as much attention as I'd like to her and the kids. But home is where I go at the end of each and every day."

How tough were the Flint films? Did he have to get into top physical shape for them?

"Yeah, they're tough! And painful, too! I got hurt a lot in those films. In the last one in Jamaica I had to fall off a six-foot wall. I came down on the side of my feet and tore ligaments in both legs. I was crippled; I just couldn't walk. Luckily we were near the end. I had to run up some river falls and my double had to do it. They had to porter me up the hill piggy-back and set me down in a chair. When it was time for my close-up, they carried me to the river and laid me down in the water. And there was a crowd of tourists watching! Oh, to be a free man like Flint! I felt quite strange!"

In *The President's Analyst*, Coburn plays a psychoanalyst who is picked to be both analyst and confidante to the U.S. President.

"It's a great challenge," said Coburn. "We take a man froam very high level, a top psychiatrist dealing with the clever and wealthy who believes himself to be in tune with the times.

"He has no doubts about his ability to be the President's analyst. But the Washington scene is strange to him. He suddenly has no rights, no privileges, no regular hours in which to see the President. He is no longer master of the situation but a servant who is pursued by foreign agents because of the secrets he knows.

"*His* entire conditioning is broken down and he breaks under the strain and runs away. We get into every area of the modern social scene; it's a very exciting and satirical movie."

As he was playing a psychiatrist, had he ever been analysed himself?

"No," he said. "I'm a little impatient with the hysteria about psychiatry here. So many people talk about their neuroses. I feel if they had a hard time to earn their crust of bread, their neuroses might disappear overnight. If, in fact, they were to face what they really are, they wouldn't need psychiatry, it seems to me."

We walked back to the set, and I watched a scene where Coburn comes out of a restaurant with actress Joan Darling. Four Chinese thugs set on them. Joan, playing the typical American housewife, lays them all out with Karate . . . while James Coburn runs away in fear.

"Well, *that's* not very Flint-like," I said.

"No," said Coburn very happily. "The exact opposite!"

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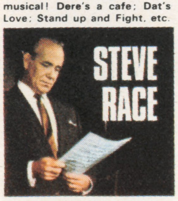
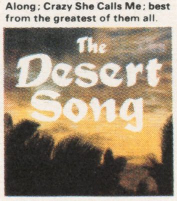
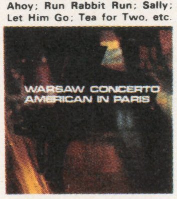


T453 James Bond; Maria; Moon River; Never on Sunday Sparkling playing and recording by the famous T.V. personality.



T110 Olga Gwynne, Peter Grant sing the hits from this smash 'Palace' Show – Riff Song; Blue Heaven; One Alone; One Flower; It!!



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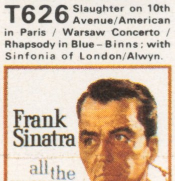
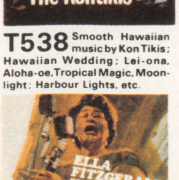


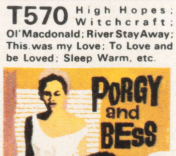
T570 High Hopes; Witchcraft; Ol' Macdonald; River Stay Away; This was my Love; To Love and be Loved; Sleep Warm, etc.



T594 I Hear Music; I Won't Dance; Mean to Me; Alone Together; Pick Yourself Up; When your Lover has Gone, etc.

SUN ARISE
ROLF HARRIS
SUN ARISE

T586 T.V's popular favourites – Tie me Kangaroo Down; Johnny Day; English Country Garden; In the Wet; Mighty Thunderer, etc.



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CILLA B

I HATE BEING A

"It's like this," began David Warner, and stopped. He drew deep on a small cigar, sat back on the wooden bench, and waited patiently for Cilla Black to scoop up another mouthful of shepherd's pie.

"Go on," said Cilla. "I'm all ears."

"Well," said Warner in the manner of a schoolmaster facing a willing but uninformed classroom, "it's like this. What I want to do is to bring Shakespeare into the grasp of the man in the street; to make it *live.*

"*Hamlet* itself is a tragedy about a prince, and it takes place at Elsinore which is . . . "

Fifteen minutes later, he had finished giving Cilla a run down on his off beat stage version of *Hamlet,* plus a few words on the rest of his career and Shakespeare in general.

"Oooh," said Cilla, "that was *luvvly!*"

Whether she was talking about David's discourse or the shepherd's pie, I never did find out. Cilla can be a bit vague at times.

What I could see, as I watched these two major stars from different worlds grabbing a quick canteen meal on location shooting for *Work . . . Is A Four Letter Word,* was the warm and interesting friendship building up between them.

They had started off knowing little about each other; and common topics of conversation had to be groped for. Then Cilla mentioned her co-star in *Way Out In Piccadilly* at the Prince of Wales, Frankie Howerd ("He's 'ad a lot of upsets in his life, 'asn't 'e?" she asked benevolently), and within minutes, she and David were acting as though they had known each other for ages.

David said he'd come and see her show, and loon up and down the aisle in his "Morgan" monkey suit; Cilla said she'd do her best to read some Shakespeare and understand what it was all about.

That she should frankly admit knowing next-to-nothing about the Bard was typical. Others might have tried to bluff their way out. Not Cilla. She's the type who usually admits her ignorance and cheerily hopes you won't mind too much.

I remember seeing Cilla (then Priscilla Maria Veronica White) when she was a cloakroom girl some years ago at the Cavern beat club in Liverpool, happily pinning tickets on wet raincoats as they were flung across the counter.

She was loud, raucous; liable to erupt into fits of roaring laughter.

Today only the expensive car, hit records, good make-up and her sharpened dress sense are different. She is still the same girl: loud, raucous and liable to erupt into fits of laughter.

"In fact," Cilla told me as we sat in her off-the-set caravan dressing room a little later, "that's what people hate about me the most, isn't it?"

As the wind outside pummelled across the bleak wastes around London's Woolwich Power Station (Peter Hall had chosen a fiendish place to make a film), she admitted: "I *know* people either love or hate Cilla Black.

"They say: *'Isn't she nice and homely?'*, or they just wish I'd cut all the cackle and get on with me singing. But what can I do about this laugh of mine? I'm a happy person. And the only reason I laugh too much sometimes is sheer nerves.

"Sometimes I'm in the middle of roaring away and I suddenly think: *'Oh, shurrup, will you? You'll be giving people a headache.'*

"Anyway, I sometimes think I hate being a 'personality'. It's just that people have come to expect it. *'The New Gracie Fields'* and all that. But whatever I might do in life, I'll still want to sing. Singing is my life.

"The funny thing is that considering the kind of person I am, all my records are these sad mopey things where I've got a broken heart. That's not true for a start. I've been going steady with my road manager, Bobby Willis, for years.

"But don't ask me about marriage—we haven't thought about it," she added hastily. "We're happy, though . . .

"The thing with all these sad records is that they must bore audiences dead stiff, with me going through me *Alfie's* and me *Don't Answer Me's*. I wish I had a few happy hits to throw in as well."

This mournful self-picture has no place on the hoardings at the Prince of Wales, where she and Frankie Howerd have been *ooh*-ing and *ah*-ing their way through a glittering extravaganza of music and comedy since last autumn.

LACK

PERSONALITY

JUST WED Cilla marries David Warner after a six-year engagement in *Work . . . Is A Four-Letter Word.* But the honeymoon is not all she expected! Their hotel proves to be a power station, and the bridal bed is a hammock slung between water pipes!

This is Cilla's third major season in the West End, and at 23, she has reached a period of deep-thinking reassessment. "It's wonderful doing this big film and a West End show, but I'm not a star yet. Not a STAR. A star is like being Shirley Bassey; when you walk into a room people gasp and look again and do three Hail Mary's and four Our Father's.

"I don't know if I'll ever reach that—to become extra-special, I mean. But it's something to reach out for.

Cilla looked earnest. "I'd be lying if I said I didn't love being famous. But you know, it's true what they say about the tension. A few years ago I would have laughed if you'd told me about stars having nervous breakdowns. I would have thought: *'Wot, just making records and singin' a few songs every night? Don't be daft.'*

"I know better now. As things get bigger and bigger I can feel myself getting more tensed up. Now I'm starting to get worried about the next show or the next film . . . will my next record be a hit? . . . what'll I be doing this time next year? Your mind gets muddled up with all the things there are to think about.

"It's funny, but as I've got better known, even my family has changed towards me. When I'm home in Liverpool these days I feel as if I have to have my eyes on when me Auntie Vera comes round. Otherwise she'll think: *'Hey, she's going down the nick a bit. Looks dead rough she does. So that's what show business can do for you.'*

"I like going home, though. When I was in Blackpool last year for the summer season I spent a lot of time with all my folks. I got all my Liverpool humour back. I felt marvellous.

"They're a real laugh there, honest. Me auntie got a chara trip up. They came to see me at the show and I said: *'What did you hire a whole chara for, just to come and see me?' 'Don't be daft,'* said me auntie, *'we haven't come just for you. We're 'ere to see the lights.'*"

A pause. Then:

"People take the mickey out of me sometimes, but I never catch on. You get these people with the suave, sophisticated kind of humour. They can insult me like mad underneath the posh talk. I don't realise it and I say: *'Well, it's very nice of you to say so.'*

"I'm dead thick like that," she bemoaned. "I always was."

With this, Cilla leapt to her feet and asked me to wait in the kitchen of her caravan. A few minutes later she emerged, no longer in slinky sweater and slacks, but looking like a Sunday school teacher in a flowered hat and chain-store blue two-piece.

"I look grotty, don't I?" she laughed in that thick Scouse accent.

"I hated these clothes when I first got them. I nearly broke into tears, I really did. But I got to realise that if I want to act in big films like *Work . . . Is A Four Letter Word,* I've got to be ugly and lump it.

"I have to do what the role demands. They don't want Cilla Black, siren of song. They want a funny little girl with spots. And as this is a marvellously big role and I think it'll bring in other offers, I'm doin' what they say!"

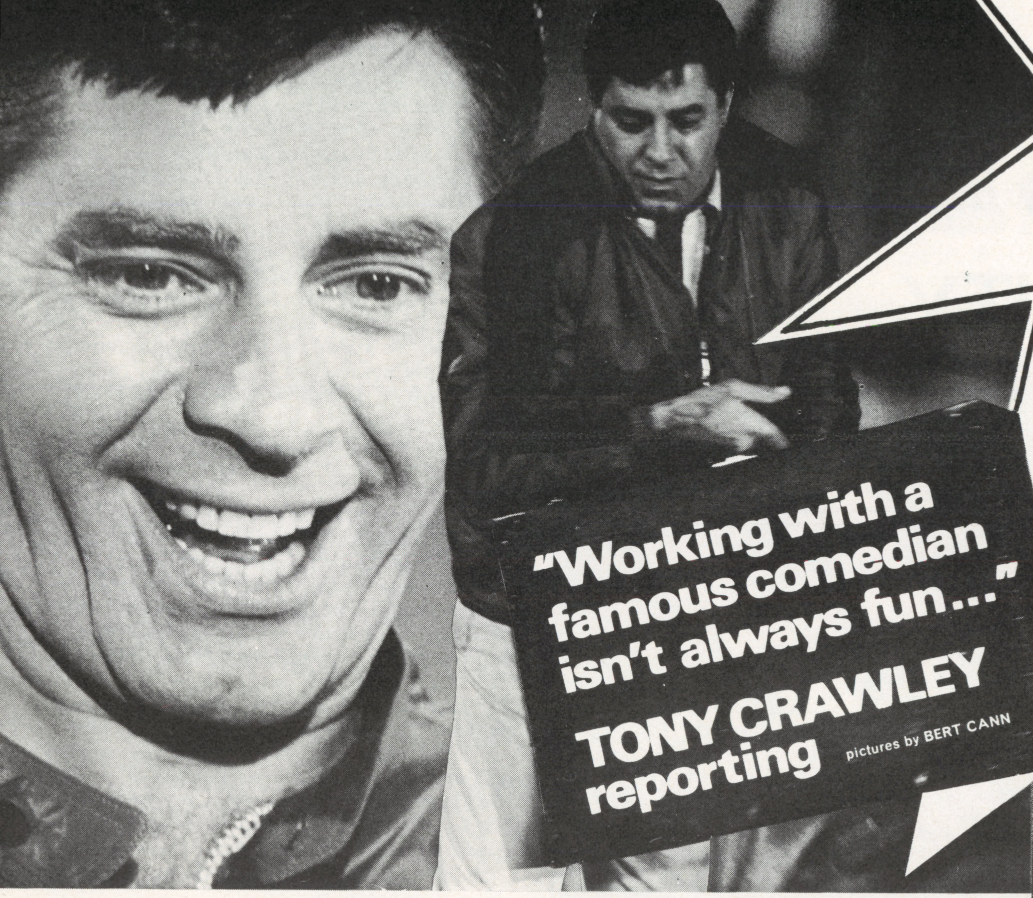
I went with Cilla across a sodden field and into the power station building where director Peter Hall was ready to begin the afternoon's shooting. The turbines whined and hissed away in a never-ending assault on the nerves, so loud that the cast and crew were equipped with ear mufflers and most conversation had to be in sign language.

It may have been a bizarre setting, but *Work* is based on Henry Livings' play *Eh?*. Warner plays a nut-case who works in an automated factory, and who has little to do but to breed mushrooms as a hobby. Cilla is cast as likeable but moronic Betty Dorrick, who's always wanted to marry him and breed kids—and to hell with the mushrooms.

For the rest of the day they ran in and out of a hut under the patient direction of Peter Hall. "He's luvvly to work with."

Strangely, Cilla seemed unusually embarrassed at having to perform in front of a small crowd of onlookers. "I don't like being studied like this by people I know," she yelled at me over the hiss of the turbines. "I like a big audience I can't see in the dark. I know you, for instance, and it puts me off, knowing you're watching every mistake I make. I've never done anything like this before. It's a bit frightening . . ."

My Day Jerry



"Working with a famous comedian isn't always fun..."

TONY CRAWLEY reporting

pictures by BERT CANN

> *"He's the Pied Piper of the business, the heir to the mantle of Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. He can do no wrong."*
>
> Hollywood director
> Leo McCarey

For the first time in 16 years as Hollywood's foremost clown, Jerry Lewis is making a film outside America. In London. Walter Shenson has bagged him for a comedy called *Don't Raise The Bridge, Lower The River*. The title alone signifies a great change for Jerry. Usually his films have short, snappy titles: *The Sad Sack*, *The Geisha Boy*, *The Bellboy*, *The Errand Boy*, *The Ladies' Man*, *The Patsy*, etc. And he produces them, directs them, and writes them.

Quite a talent then. "Oh sure," laughs Lewis. "And tomorrow, I'm gonna operate on my own tonsils!"

Shenson, the man who also bagged the Beatles, is producing this one; Jerry Paris, the ex-actor who made most of the last few Dick Van Dyke TV series, is directing; and a third American, Max Wilk, has scripted his own book. "The title," he admits, "comes from one of Jimmy Durante's famous catch-phrases." Shenson has also provided Jerry with a host of good British comedy stalwarts—Terry-Thomas, Bernard Cribbens, Nicholas Parsons, Patricia Routledge—to play with.

To Lewis, the whole project is a vacation. An anniversary, too. This is his 37th film, but his 21st as a solo performer. So Jerry Lewis, born Joseph Levitch, in Newark, New Jersey, on 16th March, 1926, finally comes of age. Just ten years after he finally conquered all fears of going it alone and struck out for himself after the celebrated divorce from his partner of ten years and 16 previous film hits, Dean Martin.

Before flying to London, Lewis attended the Cannes Film Festival; the old subject came up. Would he work with Martin ever again? He knocked it down: "Would Liz Taylor date Eddie Fisher?"

Since *The Nutty Professor*, he is revered as a screen god among French critics.

But comments the American critic Andrew Sarris:

"It is unfair to say that Jerry Lewis takes himself too seriously to pretend otherwise. Nor can the French be blamed for ruining him as a comedian. He had nowhere to go but up, and his post-highbrow films are clearly superior to his pre-highbrow ones. The trouble is that he has never put one brilliant comedy together from fade-in to fade-out. We can only wait and hope, but the suspicion persists that the French are confusing talent with genius."

Well . . . we shall see . . . what we shall see . . .

CRAZY WITH LEWIS

First morning on the film. An office set, Stage E, Shepperton Studios. All is ready for the first shot of the production. The first assistant director Doug Hermes, walks over to Jerry. "The British are ready, guv'."

"OK!" retorts Lewis. "The Yiddish are coming!"

And that's the way it goes for the next days and weeks of the two months of film-making. Gags, gags and . . . still more gags. Gags which help smooth over rough patches; gags which don't. Gags for the camera. For visitors. For himself. And for Jerry Paris—who's pretty nifty himself with an aside. When these two get going, Shepperton becomes Jerryland.

On a good day this kind of one-upgagmanship is a treat. The wit flies fast and furiously between the two lanky Jerrys. Lewis wins most matches; but Paris takes the occasional round. For instance: Lewis, sitting in his caravan-cum-dressing-room, is called for a scene. He arrives on the set—not a soul in sight! Suddenly on go the lights and more than 60 technicians spring out of hiding. Lewis, bemused, is lost for words. Especially when he sees director Paris and his leading lady, Jacqueline Pearce. They look hideous. They're wearing blackened front teeth!

These first days are real fun. Not long, though, before the usual love-hate relationship enters the plot, settles and swells slightly. As it does on every other film-set in the world.

Lewis, taller, stronger-looking than he appears on the screen, has produced half of his 21 films, written about seven of them, directed eight, and carried out all of these duties all at once on five. He has a staff of 16 in Los Angeles, including that film-world rarity, his very own contracted cinematrographer and editor. He owns several film combines and has as much, if not more, technical know-how as this entire crew put together. He is, then, a serious worker. Serious to the point of temperament.

He jokes steadily between takes. In rehearsals he's serious; quickly mad at too much extraneous noise. He moves through a scene until he's comfortable. Then he's ready to shoot. As he explains: "I'll work on one shot for seven hours to get spontaneity."

This is only Jerry Paris' second film as a director; he's made more than 70 as an actor, and first met his current producer when Walter Shenson was the publicist and Paris was an actor on *The Caine Mutiny*. Jerry joined *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, as Dick's dentist neighbour and took over as director. Old habits die hard: Paris decides to "do a Hitchcock" in this film. He turns up as an umpire in a baseball match sequence, and ropes in his ten-year-old son, Tony, for moral support. Lewis takes one look at Jerry garbed as the umpire and screams: "I see you go to Harrods. When it's closed!"

☛

My Crazy Day With Jerry Lewis

SCENE 52. Thinly disguised as a waiter, Jerry breaks into the hotel room of his wife, played by Hepburnish newcomer, Jacqueline Pearce.

One week later. The scene: a hotel corridor. Lewis, as George Lester, a would-be promoter of grand schemes, with a keen eye for easy profit, looks as if he's stepped from any of his films. *The Bellboy* or *The Patsy*. He's dressed—for the umpteenth time on the screen—as a waiter. He is wheeling a breakfast trolley to the room where his estranged wife, Pamela (Jackie Pearce) is staying as a refugee from his mad schemes. He knocks at the door . . .

No, Lewis doesn't like it this way. "She'll get up, Jerry, and come to the door—no surprise," he argues.

Jerry Paris thinks not. "Remember, she's on the phone in there. She'll not get up. She's expecting the waiter. Just a waiter. Try it Jerr'."

Jerr' tries it. Again and again. He wiggles almost up to the door, pulls faces, reverses to push the trolley in, crashes into the opposite door, and giggles. Paris laughs, too, but tells him to get on with it. "You're standing there, breaking up—and I'm not allowed to?" moans Lewis.

Pause to light the set for the take. Now it's Paris who's unhappy. "Knew I shouldn't have done this scene this morning," he keeps muttering. Lewis is very happy, cool, looking at the colour polaroid shots he takes of various crew members. Smiles all around. Producer Shenson enters, has swift conference with the two Jerrys. "No," promises Paris, "we didn't change a thing, Walter." "No," echoes Lewis, "just the beginning, middle and the end."

Paris returns to the camera, Lewis to his mark. Shenson leaves quietly, unseen by Lewis, who turns to address a comment about his producer. "Ever take a good look at Shenson? A turtle who got lucky!" Big laugh all around. Dumbfounded at no reaction from Walt, Lewis moans: "Again he's gone. Every time I make a crack, he's gone already."

Clapper-boy David Wynne-Jones moves into position. "Scene 52—take one." Snap! Crack!—Lewis whacks Dave's posterior with a handy broom. Dave laughs: something happens every time he snaps his board. "Yesterday Jerry made out he'd caught his fingers in it."

The scene is shot. Another pause, while things are moved for the next—where the door is slammed in Jerry's face. The two Jerrys discuss the morning papers.

Paris: See the layouts on Dick (Van Dyke) today? First thing after his name—41! What they hafta say that for?

Lewis: What's so bad with being 41. Wish I could stay at this age for a little longer, you know. Anyway, Dick and I, we both look young on it, eh?

Paris: Sure! But look at me. I've hadda work with the both of you!

The door-slamming routine works fine. Longer break now as all the equipment is moved around—into the hotel bedroom for the next shot. A wall has to be removed; carpenters and electricians are busy. The camera moves past me. On one side of it, stuck on by camera tape, is a polaroid picture of Jerry and lighting-cameraman Otto Heller. Jerry Lewis has drawn a balloon from Otto's face: "I'll light it—you just make the funny faces."

"Funny he is," comments Otto, a short, rotund, white-haired veteran of the industry. This is—officially—his 100th film. "Very funny man. But noisy, you know? I could not make another 100 all noisy like this."

Paris returns to the set. "OK, ready Mr. Loomis," he cries. There is no Mr. Loomis; his nickname for Lewis. "Where's Jerry? If he's not here, whaddya want to call me for?" He is told someone is with him. "What's the use of being with him—he should be bringing him."

Lewis is brung. He joins the crowd in the bedroom, where Jacqueline Pearce is lying in bed, a splendid sight in her pink negligee. It's a long, three-minute scene, involving a lot of moving around.

Meanwhile all is noise, with carpenters hammering and the electricians moving around their snaking cables. Something, surely, is bound to happen.

"Come on, willya," shouts Jerry, adding a few choice words not usually in his family audience pictures. "This is only a two-shot and it's like *Quo Vadis* in here. Everyone's talking and we're trying to rehearse. This isn't film-making!"

Someone whispers to me: "You never know when he's really mad. He sounds off then ends up with a gag sometimes." Sometimes.

The room is cleared and the rehearsal—Jerry's very serious time on a scene—continues in a hushed atmosphere. He goes through the complicated movements for the cameraman to follow him. He sits on the edge of the bed first one way, then another, and still another.

ESSO PLUS
CHAMPION

SCENE 230. Jerry tries to help trade at Bernard Cribbens' garage—to Bernie's consternation, Patricia Routledge's joy, and director Jerry Paris' delight.

Paris: Can you do it this way, Jerry?

Lewis: No. That's not my instinct.

Paris: Well, try it like this.

Lewis: NO! What is your first and last name anyway?

Camera operator Godfrey Godar: Is that the height he's going to be?

Lewis: Well, I've always been 6ft. tall, Godfrey!

Paris: Is that it? Is that OK?

Lewis: Look, when I say I'm uncomfortable, then I sit again, you can be damn sure I ain't uncomfortable the second time.

Paris (to me): "You think it's easy. Get outta here! Flying to the moon is easier."

Things are jelling now and Jerry is much happier. He spies a brassiere in the bedroom and immediately goes into an impromptu act. Moving the bra around his head, he does off-the-cuff impressions. With the bra over his eyes—Eddie Cantor! The cups over his ears—Clark Gable! And with cups reversed as huge lips—Martha Raye!

When he takes off his waiter's jacket, the JL pocket monogram shows that even on the set he wears his own shirts. In fact, the shirt is the latest problem. Otto Heller has noticed the make-up on its collar, caused by the heat on the set. Jerry takes off his jacket. His shirt is wet through with perspiration. He calls for another. "Now you know why I wear my own shirts!"

Camera rehearsals are over, now Paris takes Jerry and Jacqueline through their lines. Jackie is talking on the phone as the scene opens. Jerry waves a napkin over her lap, and starts tapping her egg. She doesn't realise the 'waiter' is her husband until he kisses her. Now he's very instinctive. Gags a bit . . . and the kissing goes on. Paris smiles. "Looks like lunch in a minute!"

Lewis seems to agree. "Well," he says, "think we'll go and eat lunch. Then, we might get lucky and get struck by a car."

Lunch with Jacqueline Pearce. At 23, she has won her first international role, and follows such big names as Shirley MacLaine, Anita Ekberg, Stella Stevens, Jill St. John and Janet Leigh as a co-star of Jerry Lewis. She tells me she was auditioned on a Wednesday, received a screen-test on a Thursday, signed to a contract on a Friday, and played her first love scene with Jerry the following Monday. "Half-way through it, he tells me: 'This is like a re-make of *Ulysses*!' "

She admits she feels as if she has two directors. "Jerry Paris tells me what he wants and I do it, then Jerry Lewis gives me other pointers as we go through it together."

Pointers, maybe, but never the same line of dialogue twice—his way of achieving spontaneity. "You have to laugh," she says, "or you'd cry. The day I get a proper cue, I'll give a champagne party."

Coffee with producer Walter Shenson, and an ironic anecdote about his first film, *The Mouse That Roared*, and Jerry Lewis. "His manager asked me what else I'd done apart from the Beatle films. When I mentioned *The Mouse That Roared*, he told me that when Jerry had seen that first, he asked: *'Why wasn't I shown that script?'*

"Well, as a completely new producer, I needed a big name star for *The Mouse*, and the only comedian I could think of for the part was Jerry Lewis. I got in touch with his agent, and he said: 'Send us the script; if Jerry likes it, he'll buy it.' 'No,' I said, 'you got me wrong. *I'm* going to produce it.' 'No,' he said, 'we'll buy it from you.'

"So that was that. And I eventually made it with an unknown young comedian called Peter Sellers. Peter became an international star—and Jerry got himself a new agent!"

Back on the set. Lewis is more relaxed. Even though he does say: "I don't know. Maybe I'll go and get me a job."

Written on the back of the clapper-board: *WE LOVE JERRY LEWIS.*

MEMO FROM EDITOR TO CRAWLEY: WHAT ABOUT JERRY LEWIS ON LOCATION?

Week later. OK, now I'm on location with Jerry Lewis . . . exactly 100 yards from the gates of Shepperton Studios. The set is a garage. Wilham's Garage. Fred Davies, proprietor. A few old wooden huts, three petrol pumps, and a batch of rather ugly cars. A flapping sign explains about the cars. THE BELLA IS HERE. BELLA, BELLA, BELLA—FOR BEAUTIFUL MOTORING. Seems Fred Davies is the sole British distributor of this Portuguese(!) sports car.

And who would believe the trouble this garage set is causing: (a) Consternation among the neighbours, who are talking quite seriously of getting up a petition, and

☛

PORTRAIT
SHOWTIME
GALLERY

BRYAN FORBES

NANETTE NEWMAN
who stars in
DEADFALL and THE WHISPERERS

MY CRAZY DAY WITH JERRY LEWIS

"I get paid for doing what children are punished for . . . in doing this, I help the audience to get rid of its hostility quotient."

moaning to Shepperton authorities about 'your new garage—we don't want it there'. (b) Queues of cars are actually pulling up for petrol. (c) Surprise from one driver, who expressed genuine interest in details of the Bella, and wondered why everyone was laughing!

First scene has Jerry trying to convince his luckless garage-owning chum, Fred Davies (alias Bernard Cribbens), that he's very fortunate to have the Bella concession. Davies is not having any; he's been lumbered again and he knows it: *"Portugal's answer to the Volkeswagen, you said. Well, who asked Portugal!"*

Defeatist talk, insists Jerry. He explains how the world is divided between the takers and the taken, adding that Davies, now he has the Bella, is one of the—"*taken*" yells Cribbens.

The rehearsals go on. One of Jerry's team is filming the filming with a 16mm. Bolex on a tripod. During a break, Jerry takes over and turns the camera on Jerry Paris and Godfrey Godar, as the director appeals madly to his star: "We're ready for you, Jerry." Jerry, however, grinds on. His footage ends with Paris moving in close, mugging wildly and threatening Lewis with a petrol-pump.

Meanwhile, all this filming of the filming is also being filmed by one of Lewis' secretaries with an 8mm. Japanese cine-camera. An hour later, another secretary with a Japanese 8mm. camera focuses on her boss. This must be the most filmed film at Shepperton. All we need now is Alan Whicker to arrive!

And so they shoot Scene 230. This ends with Jerry interrupting Bernie's complaints with: "Look, Fred, your first customer. Smile, Fred, smile . . ." And then he adds: "Drumbeat. Drumbeat. Drumbeat." He's only cueing the music!

All seems well with the shot. Suddenly a lot of people cluster around the camera. Something is wrong. Lewis moves in to lead the search for the fault. And finds it. Paris looks: "Oh, we've got a little hair in the aperture." Yells Lewis: "Hair! You gotta wig!" The clapper-boy loads a new magazine of film, and they shoot the scene anew. Lewis, as always, altering lines at will. "So what!" comments Cribbens. "I do the same to him. Keeps us on our toes." The scene goes well. "Beautiful!" applauds Paris. "Now a minute while we check for hair. Fine. Bald!"

It's a hot sunny day. And Lewis must be boiling. He has a suede jacket over his shirt, light-blue denims, and heavy black suede boots. As the sun streams on, his blue and white check shirt becomes brown and blue and white. His collar has more make-up on it than his face. No one notices it today.

As this garage set fronts right on to the road—Squires Bridge—road traffic is halted during each shot.

The traffic is now flowing freely. Jerry wants to cross the road to have a little baseball practice. He dodges a few cars, then stands on the white-line in the centre of the road and starts controlling the traffic—whistling with his fingers in his mouth, like some French *gendarme*. Hilarious! He stops a milk-lorry, passes time of day with the surprised driver ("Howya keeping? Milk fresh?"), then lets him go and whistle-stops a lady driver. He lets her go with a warning: "Easy now, lady, 'cos the bridge is down!" Hysterical stuff. The funniest Lewis gag all day. The crew is hooting. Except the publicity-man: "So where's our photographer?" He shouldn't worry; who'd believe the pictures if they saw them?

American voice: "That's nuttin'. Should see him in his car back home. When he has to pull up at a red light, he'll wind down a window, hold out his phone to the next car and say: 'It's for you'!"

Safely across the road, Lewis yells back to Paris to join him. "C'mon, what the hell are you doing over there?" Lewis wants to throw a little baseball. Paris arranges the next set-up and joins him. To keep him sweet? A secretary comments: "I feel like going over and saying: '*Mrs. Lewis, can Jerry come out to play?*' "

Cribbens is talking about his new disc, *When I'm 64*, a number from the last Beatles' LP. "I wanted to make it *When I'm 84*. But the boys' record producer, George Martin, who also records me, explained that to them at 25, 64 is way over the hill!"

The baseballers return to their other game; what Lewis' personal publicity chief, Jim Flood, continually calls "making funny faces for the camera". Lewis is muttering to Paris about something. "C'mon then," says Paris. "Happiness! Sweet-talking!" He turns to the film's publicity man, John Willis: "Cheer him up! Your job isn't it? *[It isn't.]* So why don't you?" Then to a secretary: "Or how about you? You're a woman. Help me. C'mon both of you—function!" Finally to me: "And to think Sir Ralph Richardson begged me for this part!"

Same scene, different angle, more trouble. Scene 231, Take One, is ruined by the Bella bunting flapping in the breeze; Take Two by a plane passing overhead; Take Three by a mystery noise. Then success: Take Four is peaceful. And Take Five helps locate the mystery noise; as Cribbens rests on a Bella in the scene, the car moves and makes weird sounds. Cribbens takes a carpenter's wedge and sticks it behind a wheel. One more try? "Fine!" says Paris. "OK, print four and six."

After lunch. Patricia Routledge (this year's Joyce Grenfell), three very sexy Girl Guides, and a very smoky Bella, join the set-up. Pat plays Cribbens' would-be girlfriend. She's keen. He isn't! She's a Girl Guide captain. Very keen on that too; very keen on anything public-spirited, in fact. The scene begins with her car—a Bella, of course—arriving at Wilham's Garage, smoking profusely. During the run-through, Cribbens improvises a very funny line. Opening the Bella bonnet and becoming lost behind a fog of white smoke, Bernie comments: "Think it's yer windscreen-wipers." The script says "carburettor". So does Bernie from now on.

Perched in the back of the car, the three young girls playing the Guides ("future mothers of Britannia" says the script) look more like Ronald Searle creations. Between takes, they smoke as much as the Bella, check their make-up in the rear-view mirror and comb their fashionably long hair.

Lewis, meanwhile, who according to an American publicity sheet, "smokes only moderately", lights up his umpteenth Gauloise of the day, and throws the empty packet away.

Time to shoot. But everyone has to wait. A passer-by is in view of the camera. She's a young mother, proudly strolling by with twins in a pushchair, and a dog on a lead. Paris laughs: "Jerry, will you look at that shot! And to think she's getting a divorce in the morning!"

Lewis seems even less happy than he was this morning. Just one of them days. The takes are once more being interrupted by planes, and Lewis is always the first to hear—no, sense—them. He'll be in mid-delivery and merely add "shoot it *down*, somebody". The director, who is still doing a fine job in keeping the party happy, turns the plane incident into a talking piece.

Paris: What is it, a BOAC?

Onlooker: Hope it's one of ours!

Paris to Lewis: Hey, they might be screening *The Big Mouth* up there.

The Big Mouth is Jerry's last completed Hollywood film; the plug doesn't amuse him at all. But then as producer, director, star and co-writer of the film, you can be sure he knows exactly when and where *The Big Mouth* is showing. And it isn't up there.

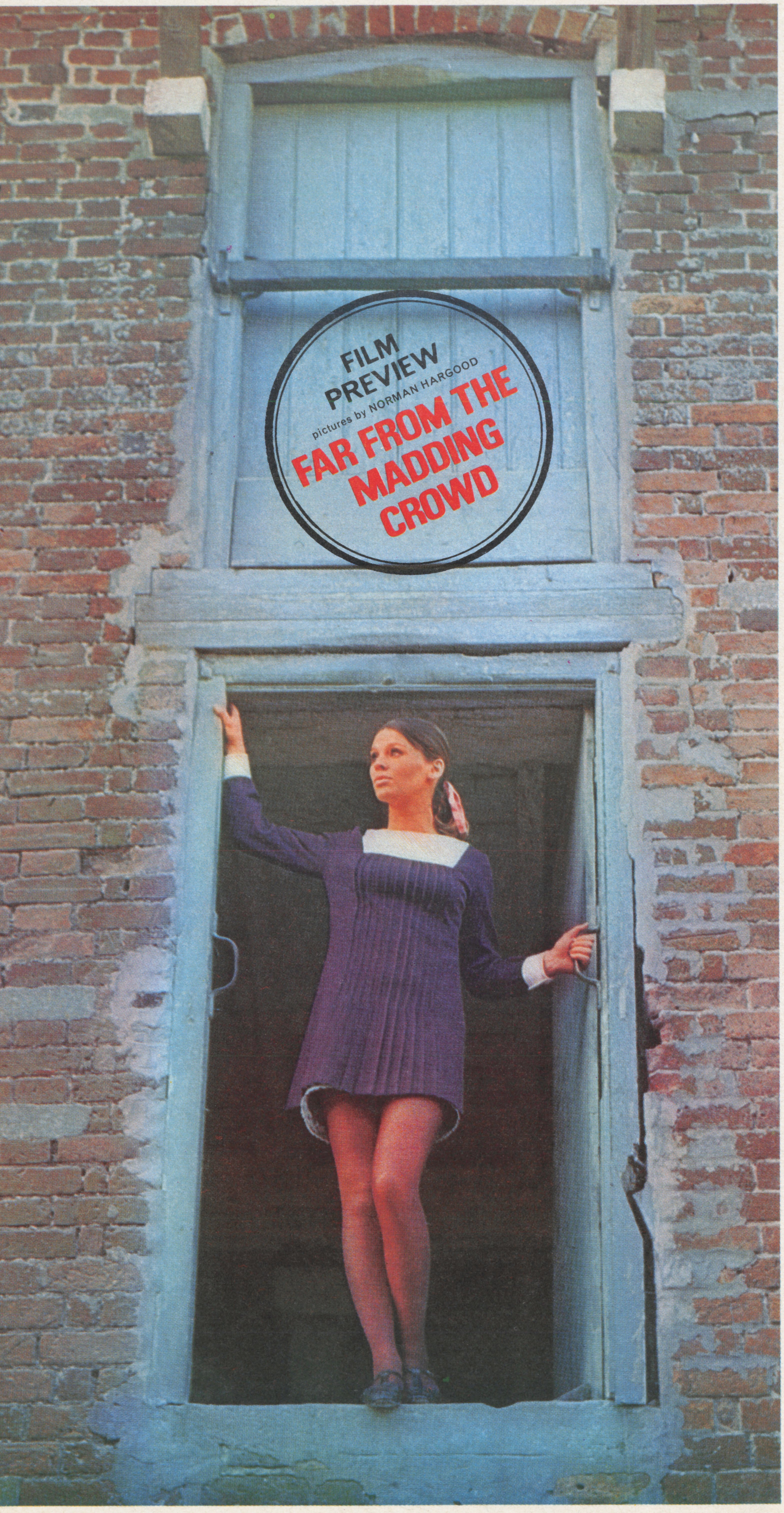
The scene goes on. Patricia Routledge is trying to enlist aid from Jerry for her annual Girl Guide raffle. The first prize is—"an annual Girl Guide?" asks Lewis.

A short break. Jerry Lewis comes up, says hello, and talks to Jim Flood. A middle-aged woman moves in and begs an autograph. She has no paper, no book and offers a cigarette packet for him to sign! Jerry winces; me, too. I hand her some paper. He signs. "Thank you," she says. "You're welcome," the star replies. "Anyone else here?" she asks. Jerry looks aghast—and strolls off. He won't get any more cheery this way!

The Girl Guides spill out of the car—"super, super!"—and leap all over Jerry, who has agreed, reluctantly, to help with their raffle. End of shot. "OK, fine." sums up Paris. "OK!"

Jerry Lewis ambles off to cross the road, to the peace of his limousine, his baseball practise, and to check whether he has won anything with the £15 he has bet on the horses. "OK, OK," he keeps mumbling morosely to himself. He stops and lies down in the road. Actually lies there, sprawled across the road. "OK, OK," he goes on. Willing death? Willing something. Anything.

Today, the message on the rear
of the clapper-board reads:
WE LOVED JERRY LEWIS.



FILM PREVIEW

pictures by NORMAN HARGOOD

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

Another Oscar for Julie?

It was in 1963 that a young blonde actress with a sunny smile went through her paces for a very tough screen-test. She had already made two films, but she hoped the test would lead to her big break.

An equally young and enthusiastic film man was directing the test and, when it was over and he saw the result, he was overjoyed. The girl was exactly what he needed; a fresh, vital and highly talented actress.

"She'll be a great star," he predicted.

His producer, however, was not so sure. He shared little of the director's enthusiasm.

"Just a B-picture actress," he said. "She'll never be anything else."

When the 1966 Academy Awards were presented, the director 'phoned the producer.

"Something awful has happened," he said. "They've given an Oscar to your B-picture actress."

☛ 42

FARM GIRL. Julie Christie may seem, at first, an odd choice to play a sheep farmer. But the swinging, mini-skirted star adapts superbly to the rural way of things as love-torn Bathsheba in *Far From The Madding Crowd.* The men in her life range from the lowly farm-hand Alan Bates (top left), rich landowner Peter Finch (top left) and Terence Stamp (below) as the dashing renegade soldier, Sgt. Troy.

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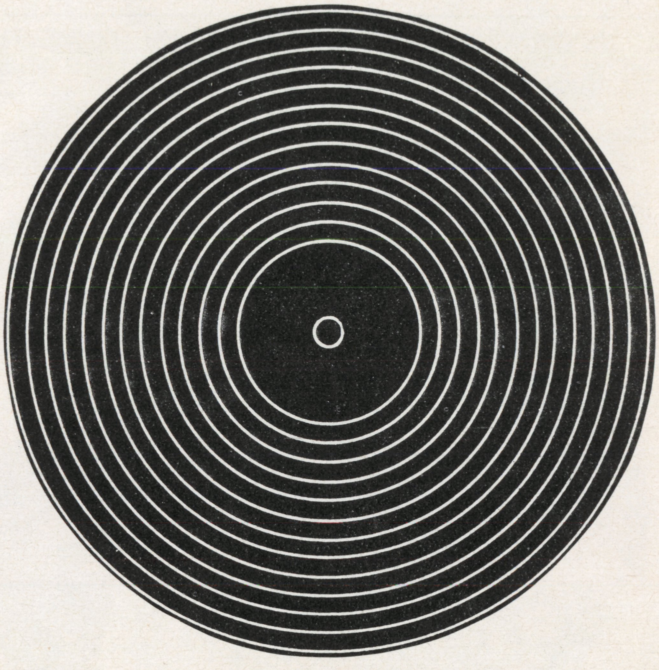

DISCS

THE BURTONS ON RECORD

—and it's terrific!

A revolution is afoot in the film-LP market. At last recording manufacturers are realising that, more often than not, a film's dialogue is more memorable than the music. Result: original sound-track LPs of music *and* spoken scenes.

I couldn't be more pleased.

Not that I'm suggesting film music does not sell well. It does. Though, to be honest, it is only on rare occasions I can understand why. In my view, a film's theme, main-title music or title song can be very moving or catchy—but much of the incidental mood music is uninspired and dull.

When I'm seeing a film this doesn't worry me. In most cases it is the dialogue, not the music, which counts. That is why I am delighted to report that with Shakespeare and, indeed, Robert Bolt, doing so well in the cinemas, the *RCA* label has widely issued LPs of both music and original dialogue from this year's top award-winners, *A Man For All Seasons* and *The Taming Of The Shrew*. This means you can now listen to Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Paul Scofield and other top stars in your home.

The film-LPs should prove tremendously popular. After all, when a film is a hit, the sales of the paperback book rocket. An LP featuring dialogue from a film is an even better souvenir.

Although 'spoken' LPs—whether comic or dramatic—are not new, the idea of film dialogue on disc started *only* last year. John Wayne was heard delivering a few lines on

ROBERT PENN

SCREEN TO DISC. On the LP of *The Taming Of The Shrew* "the irresistable force of Richard Burton as Petruchio meets the impeccable ire of Elizabeth Taylor as Kate."

The Sons of Katie Elder LP; and the Burtons were also heard in fragmentary excerpts on the expensive *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?* album.

However, these *RCA* discs are really something special. Both have been excellently produced by Peter Dellheim, and include the best scenes from the sound-tracks.

The Shrew LP, on which "the irresistible force of Richard Burton as Petruchio meets the impeccable ire of Elizabeth Taylor as Kate", includes an insert containing 18 black and white pictures from the film. *A Man For All Seasons* is on two LPs and includes nearly the entire film.

A third LP of this kind is *The Penthouse* (*Ember*), featuring scenes from the first feature film of a brilliant new director, Peter Collinson. The disc also has the full original score composed, arranged and conducted by John Hawkesworth, who was for so many years voted the world's top brass player. The scenes, which feature all the stars (Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan, Tony Beckley, Norman Rodway and Martine Beswick), capture all the tension and strange fun of this black comedy.

I hope these LPs are such a success they will prompt many more of their kind. Old films as well as new productions would, I am sure, go down well. Marlon Brando in *On The Waterfront*, for instance; Rod Steiger in *The Pawnbroker;* Frank Sinatra in *From Here To Eternity;* Julie Christie in *Darling;* Spencer Tracy in *Inherit The Wind;* . . . and BB saying anything!

Only one question remains: who'll dare release *Ulysses* on a record?

If it's a swinging album you are looking for you can do no better than Sarah Vaughan's new album, *Sassy Swings Again* (*Mercury*). As the sleeve note suggests, when Sarah undertakes a swinging session, she is surrounded by more than just a good studio band. The musicians that gather to back her are top-flight instrumentalists. On this LP virtually all the musicians are star soloists—so you get both the magic of Miss Vaughan and backings that would make an excellent album on their own.

The numbers on this LP are superbly handled. *Sweet Georgia Brown, I Left My Heart In San Francisco, I Want To Be Happy* and *The Sweetest Sounds* are but a handful of the tracks on this excellent album. "Sassy" has never been better. Go buy it at once!

Tom Jones Live At The Talk Of The Town (*Decca*) includes most of the numbers associated with him, and what the album lacks in sophistication it makes up for in punch and drive. My favourite track is *What's New, Pussycat?*, one of Tom's first hits—but he also does very well with *Hello Young Lovers, Not Responsible, I Believe* and *That Old Black Magic*.

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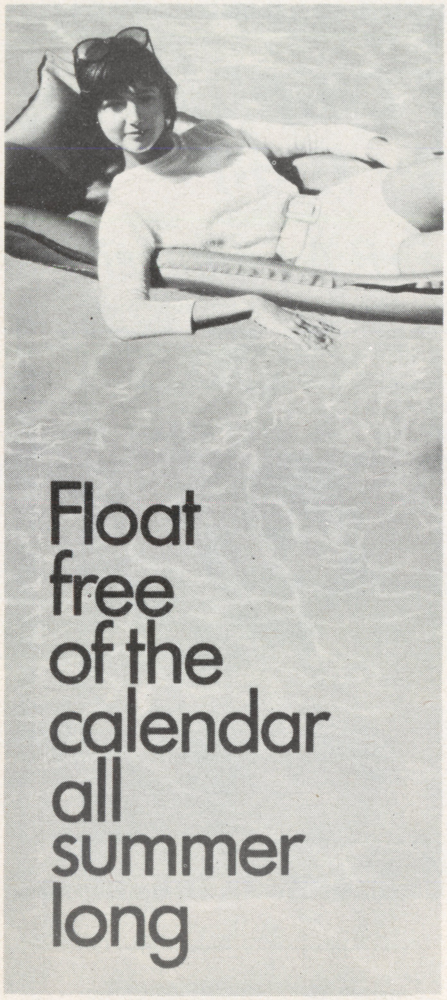

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Another Oscar for Julie?

36 ➡

It was true. They had. And if my hunch is right, there's a good chance they'll be giving the same young lady another Oscar next April. For that girl—of course, you've guessed it—is Julie Christie!

The director was Michael Winner (*The Jokers*); the producer Daniel Angel (*Reach For The Sky*, etc.).

Instead of making *West 11*, the film she was being tested for, Julie hit the headlines in *Billy Liar*. That picture led to *Darling*—and world fame.

It was due mainly to her remarkable performance in *Darling* that Julie got the starring role in a film version of Thomas Hardy's classic love story, *Far From The Madding Crowd*. And those connected with the film suggest that Julie could well be on her way to winning a second Oscar.

"Her performance is great," says director John Schlesinger.

The part she plays in this new Joseph Janni picture is Bathsheba Everdene and, although the book was written 113 years ago, it is a role that could have been designed exclusively for her.

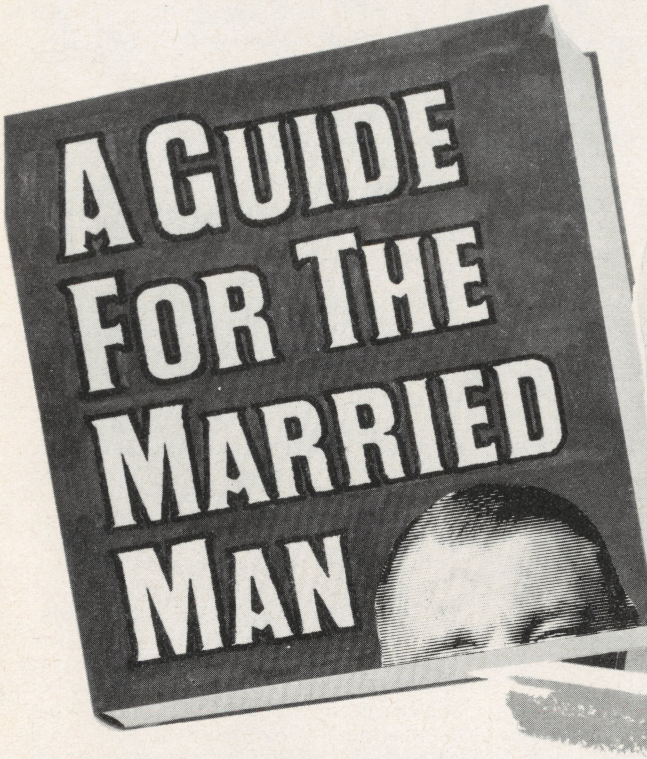
Bathsheba is a sheep-farmer in Dorset. She is caught up in the unpredictable forces of nature which affect both her land and her heart. Terence Stamp, Peter Finch and Alan Bates play the men in her life.

"It was the most difficult role I've ever done," said Julie when the film was completed. "But it's a marvellous role for any actress."

Not 'any actress' could bring the part to life the way Julie has. And even if her performance doesn't win for her a second Oscar, it will certainly prove yet again that she is not and never has been a 'B-picture actress'. Unless the B stands for Brilliant.

JOHN WEBSTER

The Do's And Don'ts For The Married Man Who's Thinking Single! *or* The Single Man Who's Just Thinking!


A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN

RULE 42
Never entertain at home while the wife's away!

RULE 16
Deny, deny, deny!

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RULE 37
Always kiss the wife goodbye before straying!

AT **ODEON** AND OTHER LEADING CINEMAS

NORTH LONDON FROM SEPT. 3 | **SOUTH LONDON FROM SEPT. 10**

‘Sexy little me’

didn’t get any last name? Always get last names. I don’t know any Barbara that would be calling. Sharon, Sharon. There’s no liquor here. Always see to it that we have enough whisky. Can’t you do that?”

Sharon went to the phone to order some, worrying about which brands to specify. He knew the correct whisky brands in London, the good pastrami places in Manhattan, and the right topless spots in Hollywood. He learned a country’s customs and its language in a couple of weeks. He took a bath now, calling for Sharon to fetch some tea. Later he descended the stairs in a cowboy outfit and boots, ready for dinner.

Another day, away from Sharon, Polanski said: “I’m trying to get her to be a little meaner. She’s too nice, and she doesn’t believe in her beauty. Once when I was very poor in Poland I had got some beautiful shoes, and I immediately became very ashamed of them. All my friends had plain, ordinary shoes, and I was embarrassed to walk in front of them. That’s how Sharon feels about her beauty. She’s embarrassed by it.”

Sharon has a quarter-inch scar under her left eye and one beside the eye, the result of accidents which she keeps having. As Polanski drove with her one night in London, a car hit them. The only one hurt was Sharon, whose head bounced off the dashboard. With blonde hair combed down over her forehead to hide the cut, she skied at St. Moritz. And then she caught a jet for Hollywood. Ransohoff had called. She must re-do a few scene for *Don’t Make Waves*. She grumbled a little. She could grumble to Ransohoff now: she hated Hollywood, and she didn’t want to leave Polanski; also, she hated to fly. She had to be drugged to endure it.

SHE appeared beside Ransohoff at La Scala restaurant in Beverly Hills. She had a black costume that looked more like a slip than a dress, and her blonde head caught glints of movie-star light as she turned this way and that. “Oh, there’s *David*! David Hemmings. *David, David*!”

David Hemmings, who had been featured with her in *The Eye Of The Devil* and had gone on to star in Antonioni’s *Blow-Up*, waved. The place was as crowded as Alvaro’s in London, the customers practically the same. Ransohoff talked business. “Listen, sweetie, I’m going to have to cut some stuff out of *The Vampire Killers*—your spanking scene.”

“Oh, don’t do *that*. Why do that?”

“Because it doesn’t move the story. The story has got to move. Bang, bang, bang. No American audience is going to sit still while Polanski indulges himself.”

“But Europeans make movies differently from Americans,” she explained to the producer she once feared. “*Blow-Up* moved slowly. But wasn’t it a great film!”

“I’ll tell you something, baby. I didn’t like it. If I’d have seen it before the reviews, I’d have said it’d never make it. It’s not my kind of picture. I want to be told a story without all that hocus-pocus symbolism going on.”

“But that one scene, Marty. When the girl shows her — ” (Sharon said the Anglo-Saxon word). In Hollywood, New York and London they all talked now about *Blow-Up*, dwelling on *that* scene.

“Yeah, I got to hand it to the guy for that one,” Ransohoff said, chuckling. “He pulled off a good one there.”

“Oh, I want to do a complete nude scene,” she said. “Say you’ll let me!”

“OK, OK,” Ransohoff said, bored, looking toward the door. “Yes, yes.”

“Do it now. Don’t just say it.” Then Sharon got bored.

EARLY in the morning Sharon appeared before the camera at Malibu Beach, redoing a scene for *Don’t Make Waves*. In a sequence with an undraped David “Mr. Universe” Draper, Sharon stuck out her backside and shot out her front. Magically, a button or two came undone on her polka-dot blouse, and after close examination of camera angle, director Sandy Mackendrick decided to leave it that way.

She lovingly oiled Draper’s muscled back, and then went “*ugh*” when the camera ceased to roll. The scene was done over and over. In her tiny trailer dressing room, she took a break and smoked daintily. “I’m happier when I’m working,” she said. “I don’t have time to think.”

One thing to think about was a visit to her family’s home in Palos Verdes Estates, an hour’s drive away. (Her father was stationed in Korea, her mother and two younger sisters were at home.) Driving to the house, she became quieter and quieter, her words less Anglo-Saxon.

Her mother—a pleasant, plump, dark-haired woman—turned Sharon’s face this way and that. “Have you had your blood count recently, honey? You look so pale to me. . . .” What did she think of Sharon becoming a movie star? What did she think of Roman Polanski? “You know,” she said, in the voice of every middle-class American mother, “I don’t care—just as long as she’s happy.”

Back in Hollywood, Sharon moved from hotel to hotel, from one friend’s home to another. She talked to Polanski by phone; it embarrassed him to try to write letters in English because of his mistakes.

She was going to fly to London and get engaged to Roman Polanski. Then she was going to fly back to star in *Valley Of The Dolls*. Ransohoff was lending her to 20th Century-Fox to play Jennifer, a sexy bombshell who goes to Europe to star in nudie movies and who bewitches the world with her improbable lushness.

JOHN BOWERS

FED UP? NO FUTURE?

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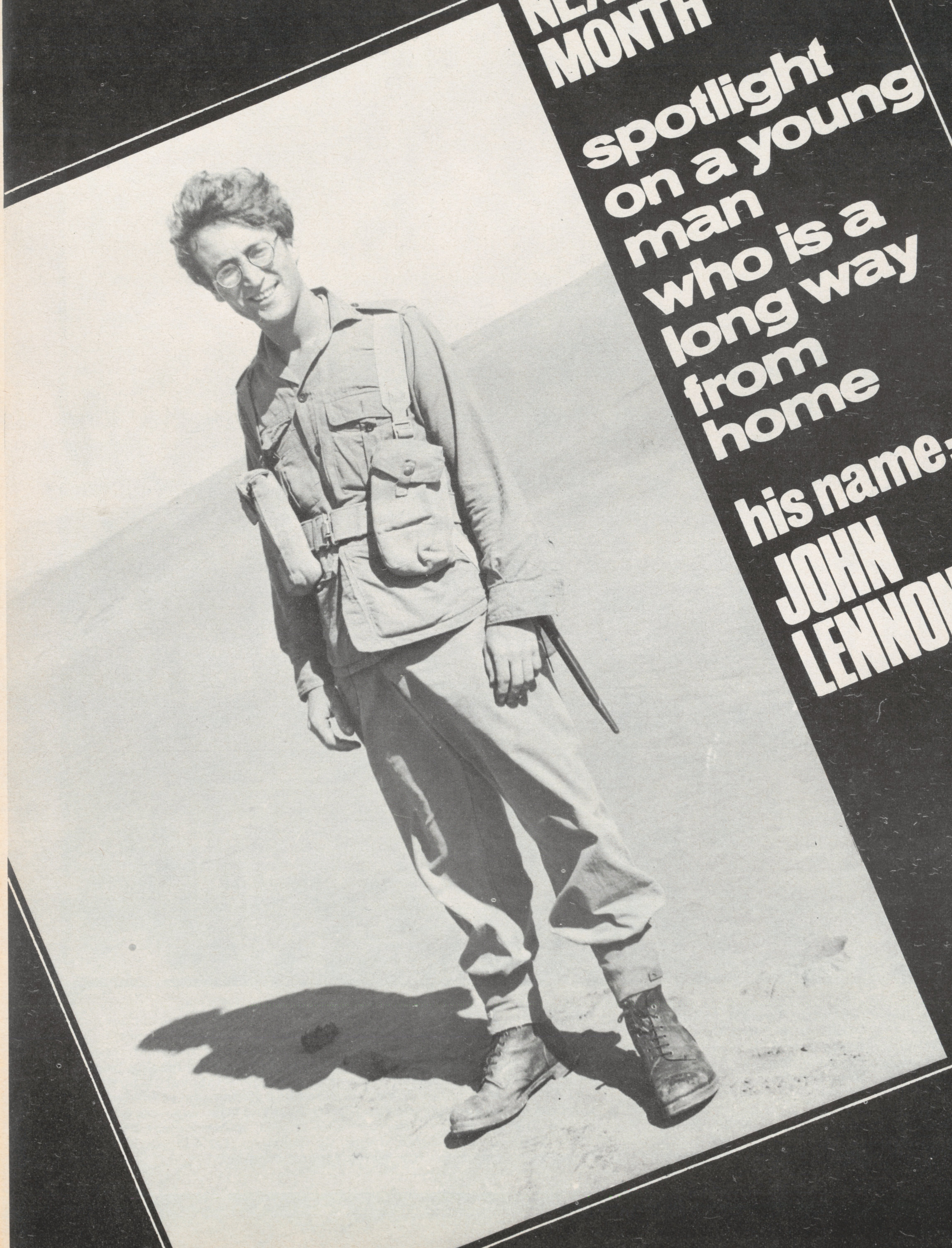

NEXT MONTH

spotlight
on a young
man
who is a
long way
from
home

his name:

JOHN LENNON

SHOWTIME'S STAR☆TIPS

NICOLETTA MACHIAVELLI

Real name:	Nicoletta Rangoni Machiavelli Publicola di Santa Croce.
Birth date:	September 8, 1944.
Birthplace:	Florence, Italy.
Eyes:	Deep brown.
Hair:	Brown.
Height:	5ft. 9in.
Hobbies:	Drawing, but never painting; dancing, and any non-competitive sport. Plus Tuscan cooking.

This was the girl first announced as Eve in *The Bible*. But director John Huston had not counted on public reaction. Eve, said letters by the thousand, must be blonde. So Nicoletta was dropped; she still had a seven-year contract, however, and was soon making two films at once—both Italian Westerns: *Navajo Joe* (above) in Spain, and *The Hills Run Red* in Rome. Now, leading Italian film men—from director Fellini to such stars as Mastroianni and Gassman—are waiting in line to sign up the girl who is, yes, a descendant of *the* Machiavelli. Gassman should win; he wants her for *Belfagor*, a film based on a comedy written by her famous relative!

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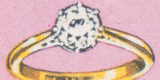

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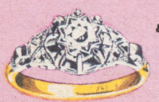

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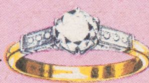

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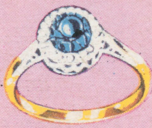

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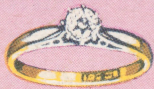

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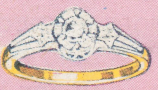

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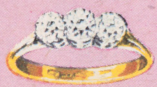

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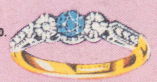

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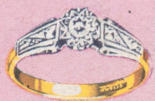

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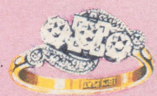

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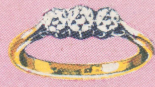

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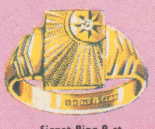

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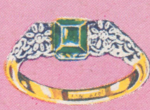

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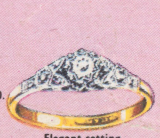

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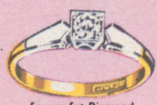

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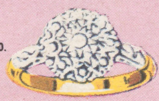

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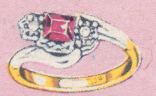

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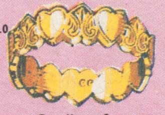

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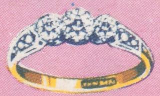

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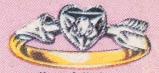

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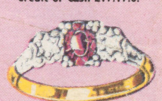

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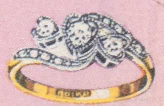

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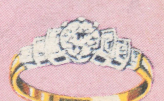

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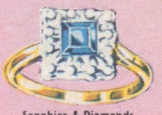

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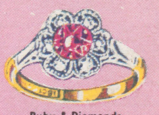

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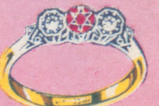

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FLAP 'B'

for dinner again. Complain long enough and the wife should shout: "If you don't like it, go somewhere else." If this fails, you can always find something you can't stand about your wife—if you really care about her!"

Rule 2: The playmate should never be a single girl or a married woman. The single girl has got too much to gain by talking, and with a married woman there is always the danger of her husband finding out. The best bet is a divorcee who is getting more alimony than you are getting salary. She's got plenty to lose if anyone talks.

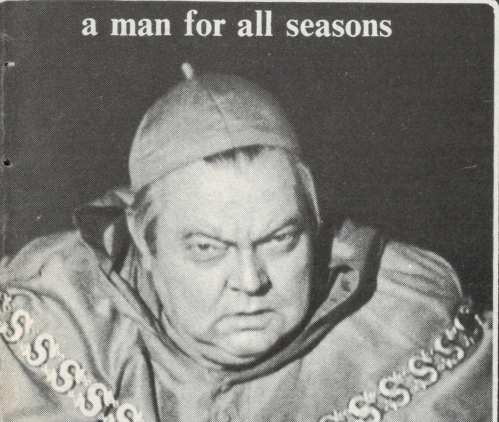
Rule 3: Avoid the perfume problem. Those tell-tale, lingering wiffs of perfume can be destroyed by using the most powerful after-shave on the market. With some clever manipulating you can even get your wife to buy it for you.

Rule 4: If you are caught out, deny it. If you keep it up long enough your wife will think she was seeing things.

Rule 5: Never take your playmate home. Even if the wife and the kids are away. Look what happens to Terry-Thomas when he doesn't observe the rule: Jayne Mansfield loses her bra somewhere in his house and says: "Well, your wife will think it's her bra!" Poor Terry is white with worry. He knows his wife will find it somewhere, sometime . . .

Playing Matthau's wife in the gay romp is the beautiful Swedish actress Inger Stevens. She is, in fact, a model wife. She cooks gourmet dinners costing next to nothing; she tells the children that father always knows best; she looks after him like a nurse when he hurts his back; and she fills a bikini superbly.

Indeed, she's so perfect, I'm sure she's been reading *A Guide To The Married Woman*.

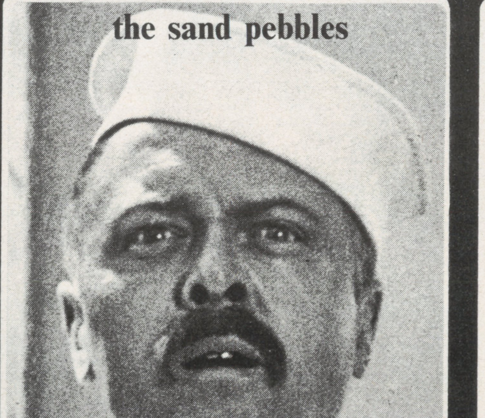


a man for all seasons

●Busiest British film actor today—apart, of course, from Mr. Non-Stop, Mike Caine—is Richard Attenborough. After some 23 stalwart years in home-made films, Dickie is suddenly an international name. And about time, too!

He stars, for instance, in two of Hollywood's newest epics; the musical, *Doctor Dolittle;* and Steve McQueen's drama, *The Sand Pebbles.* In *Pebbles,* Dickie is, surprisingly, an American sailor. It's no surprise, though, that he's great in the role, which features him in a tragic romance with Marayat Andriane.

Latest role? A bra manufacturer in *The Bliss Of Mrs. Blossom,* with Shirley MacLaine. Comments Dickie: "This is my first film at home for two years, and the first for about five years in which I don't need any kind of accent." He's enjoying the break so much, he's preparing to stay home and produce his next film, *Insurance-Italian Style*.



the sand pebbles

If you feel like tearing your hair, write to *Sally Blake who gets to the root of the matter.

He buys me a coffee but he gives her a whirl

My best friend and I share the same boy friend. He takes us both out, but he only buys me a coffee or a coke. She gets taken to all the latest top spots. Actually, my friend doesn't really care for him, but I'm mad about him. He really is swoony. My friend has lots of other boy friends and I haven't. We're both five foot nothing, with more than the usual share of good looks. Her hair's a gorgeous blue-black, mine is brown. How can I make him fall for me?

YOUR PROBLEM is not as simple as it sounds. Obviously, this boy likes you both, but it is difficult to tell whether he is attracted by outward appearances or personality. If it's the latter case I can't help you, but if he's a man who likes dark haired girls, you *can* change the colour of your hair! As yours is a mid-shade you can go either fair or dark. If you decide on dark hair Inecto make a wonderful colour shampoo—Hair Magic. There are umpteen shades and you'll find it acts as a conditioner and lasts about six weeks. Alternatively, why not be a real contrast to your friend? Ask about Hi-lift for really lovely fair shades. It's made by Inecto too and obtainable everywhere. Who knows, you may find yourself with a new and more loyal boy friend!

***SALLY BLAKE,**
Inecto Hair Colouring
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RAYMONDO

Star-day:
CHARLTON HESTON
September 4, 1924

Chuck Heston's future is rather unusual. He's beginning to wear trousers again in films! And instead of going back in time for epics (or even his new Western, *Will Penny*) he's moving forward into science-fiction for his latest, *Planet Of The Apes*. But first we'll see him as a orchestral conductor fighting the Nazis in *Counterpoint* (above). All in all, a hectic Heston future.

VIRGO, August 24—September 23
Your lucky star shines brightly on all you do, so make good use of it. Now's the time for that new venture, whether in love, business or in the home.

LIBRA, September 24—October 23
Great pleasure is derived in planning a celebration. Generosity, perhaps from a stranger, may teach you a lesson. Time seems precious, but relax, have some fun.

SCORPIO, October 24—November 22
Don't stop! Not for anyone! Determination helps you reach that impossible goal. An argumentative friend of the opposite sex may disagree; but they'll come around!

SAGITTARIUS, November 23—December 22
Help! You need it, so don't be too proud to take it. A long dreaded event turns out to be surprisingly pleasant. Even so, great tact is required if you are not to mar the occasion.

CAPRICORN, December 23—January 20
Keep out! Of the limelight, that is. Fight the temptation, it would not be fair to others. Meanwhile, there's something new for you—a new romance or a change of job.

AQUARIUS, January 21—February 19
Lack of confidence causes trouble. In a crisis, stand by your own decisions. Good time to grab a late holiday; a change of scenery is what you need.

PISCES, February 20—March 21
Too many distractions. There's plenty of work to do, but social outings tempt you to put off dull tasks. You discover the answer to something which has intrigued you for some while.

ARIES, March 22—April 20
Excellent opportunities occur for improvements. Cash gains could come your way. Arians who have moved house could now "break the ice" with the neighbours. Partnerships prove advantageous.

TAURUS, April 21—May 21
Deep admiration, or even love, of an unusual person brings out the best in you. Qualities you did not know you possessed could stand you in good stead when demands are made on your time and patience.

GEMINI, May 22—June 21
Why not you? People are having great ideas, doing clever things, so why don't you have a go? Don't automatically assume that your notions are useless.

CANCER, June 22—July 23
Nostalgia could seize you when visiting a place from your past, though you may be disappointed that people and places change so much. Accept that invitation—even if the event is far from your area.

LEO, July 24—August 23
Take your chance to make a profit when it comes your way. Extra money is useful when you see what appears to be a bargain. A happy time for those in love; but those still hunting must be patient.

The Devil I am

11 ➡

But how, I asked, *would you have made out in the old music-halls?*

"I nearly tried that kind of entertainment once," he laughed. "I tried to pluck up courage to audition at the Windmill. I was 17 and very chaste—a dangerous age to try for the Windmill! I had this awful series of jokes I was going to tell on the stage. I didn't dare in the end. But I rather fancied the job—all those girls! Instead I became a beach photographer at West Bay, near Lyme Regis."

How did that turn out?

"Very well. It's a far better way of getting to know girls. I'd recommend it to anyone. You don't have to put up with any nonsense. If people are rude to you, you can sneak up on them later, take an unflattering shot, blow-up the picture to an enormous size and stick it up outside the kiosk for all to see. Then the person whose picture it is comes along and buys the print just to get it out of the limelight."

Although he has made his name with comedy, Peter recently made a departure from it to play his first straight role. He stars in a new spy-thriller, *A Dandy In Aspic*, with Laurence Harvey and Tom Courtenay. It was a piece of unusual casting which led to all kinds of rumours about the Pete-Dud partnership—particularly as Dud had just made a solo film.

"I think it's an awful strain on a partnership if you are completely dependent on each other," commented Peter. "If you can do things separately—stand up alone—so much the better. Also, it helps you maintain your individuality."

He's not so sure why he was asked to play a serious role—"presumably they had seen my comedy performances!"—and he gives very little away about his part in *A Dandy In Aspic*.

"He's a reasonably normal man of about 28, but no one quite knows what he's up to until the last minute. Then the rather enigmatic figure is revealed to be that brilliant person he's been throughout! Actually, I'm the only one who behaves with any semblance of decency throughout the film. Take Tom Courtenay, for instance—he's the biggest bounder of them all."

No laughs at all?

"On my first day on the film, I started with a scene around a glass telephone booth. Harvey was in the booth making a vital call and I had to poke my head around the door and say, '*Come on, we're all waiting*'. It was all lined up and there I was ready to do my first piece of dialogue as a straight actor. Up came my cue and I pulled open the door—only to find I'd pulled too hard and the whole damn booth was falling over. It took them hours to put it right and, as it fell, it nearly killed one of the technicians. They didn't think me a very funny man after that."

Dudley returned from the set, followed by the superb Raquel Welch. They had just completed their bed scene and Dud was looking very pleased with himself.

"I can see you're making Dud lead a hell of a life," I remarked.

Peter Cook grinned: "The devil I am!"